

THE HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY

DEVOTED TO THE ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

Truth bears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a bearing.

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S. S. JONES, EDITOR,
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NO. 7.

TWENTY-SIX YEARS AGO.
BY WARREN SUMNER BARLOW.

[This poem was delivered in New York by the author, on the twenty-sixth anniversary of modern Spiritualism. We republish it on account of some errors that occurred in its first publication.]

Jewels of light from the star-bolted shore,
Gleams were dropped on the pebbly cottage floor,
Not being cast in the byways of awe,
Safely were clustered by fingers divine;
Whose rays lit the verge of the limitless shore,
Reflecting the land of the bright evermore.

Twenty-six years ago!

Truths that were borne on their crystalline
beams,
Startled the world from bewildering dreams,
The shadowy phantoms of meretricious woe
Were melted like mist in a bright morning
glow.
And despair that had mantled all hope in its
gloom,
To the era of glory immortal gave room.

Twenty-six years ago!

The king of all terrors was slain in his path,
While God is no longer portrayed in his wrath,
And life now is more than a pitiless dream,
While death is a placid and silvery stream,
And souls in their transit illumine each wave,
Whose triumphs were sounded high over the
grave.

Twenty-six years ago!

O earthly immortals—all nations and creeds!
Less faith and more knowledge the world truly
needs;
Be the deaf taught to hear and the blind made
to see
That religion and science at last must agree;
For banish all discord and ill founded fears,
Tear the key-note of harmony broke on our
ears.

Twenty-six years ago!

Then let us be grateful whatever may befall,
Let charity dwell and friendship abide,
Let liberty, purity, union and love
Unite us with God, and the angels above,
Whose welcome awaits us on evergreen shores,
For the angels proclaimed it through wide
open doors.

Twenty-six years ago!

Limitations—Eclecticism.

BY E. S. HOLBROOK.

At the National Convention last fall, it was resolved that "Spiritualism" was the *E Pluribus Unum* of all reforms, and but another name for "humanitarianism"; and since then, in some lesser conventions, the same sentiment has been reiterated. At Elgin the phrase was "Spiritualism includes all reforms." The basic reason generally given, is, that Spiritualism underlies, and is connected with, every thing; and the conclusion is argumentatively, that, at spiritual meetings, every subject whatever, and must be held to be in the phrase and always in order. And sometimes, as if the descriptive words, "germane to Spiritualism," were of too questionable narrowness, the words, "germane to humanity," are added thereto.

In the support of these assertions I find a great many who exhibit in action the zeal and persistency of those who know they are right, and who thereupon, Crockett-like, mean to go ahead; while there are still more who have not yet asked themselves any serious question of its truth, and as if they were quietly float with the tide that swells beneath and around them. Nay, more; there are some who seem to clutch at, and gloat over, the conclusion as if they had got something supremely right and supremely powerful for the salvation of the world; and as if they were the supremely happy propagators of dogmas that no reasonable mind could afford to deny.

But now, Mr. Editor, at the risk of being thought wayward by some of my dear friends, I must say, according to my judgment, that the supporters of that proposition have started on a course that is substantially wrong in the very, and that will prove preeminently wrong in its practical result; a course which they would absolutely condemn in others, if adopted towards them, and which they have condemned and do now condemn.

While charging them with inconsistency and the practice of the errors of others which they condemn, I will readily concede to the supporters of that proposition, the virtue of good intentions. But we of the harmonial school know full well that good intentions as an act, though they may modify and blunt the moral curse, will not save from its natural effect. The Christians have said, that "Hell was paved with good intentions;"—a coarse phrase, no doubt, according to their idea of their hell, but it is the expression of a great truth, nevertheless, and more surely in our system than in theirs. The traveler on a wrong road is none the less wrong, in that he believes he is right, and must have his labor to return. With us it is knowledge that advances and saves, rather than mere simplicity. With the ancients the serpent was the emblem of wisdom, and the founder of Christianity enjoined his disciples to be wise as serpents, though also to be harmless as doves. As we propose to improve on that system, in selling knowledge as against the power of ignorance and the forgiveness of sin, it is ill-becoming in us to fall below it, and suffer ourselves to be deceived, decoyed and betrayed by any pretense of a little sweet goodness.

The good intentions then being admitted, I will proceed to admit something further. There is something of a truth underlying their statement. When we object to the generality

of their definition, and propose some limitations to matters immediately connected with Spiritualism proper, they have replied by asking, if Spiritualism is not connected with every thing, and where will you place your limitations? Now, Mr. Editor, I will admit that it is true that there is nothing that is not connected with Spiritualism. I hold that every fact is connected with every other fact; every truth with every other truth in the whole universe,—all correlated to each other.

But what of it? How exceedingly remote many of these relations! The mental contemplation of them, their fineness fading out into aloof nothingness, may be amusing,—but what about their practicality? On the plane of moral reasoning we cannot have the absolute thought and definition of mathematics, we can only approximate to a somewhat indefinite limit. When we have endeavored to define Spiritualism proper, to be that which is "specially based upon, and connected with its facts, theories, demonstrations and philosophy," the same question has been replied, as if that, of course, silenced all attempt at limitation. But one thing is certain that there is a practical limit somewhere, this side the ultimate extremes. The palpable correlation of things shades out into the imperceptible in remoteness, by degrees so indistinctly fine, that you cannot tell where there is a dividing line, and yet you know that in the near is the palpable, and in the remote only the imperceptible; and that the two are not the same. The arteries of the human body anastomose into the veins. The end of the one and the beginning of the other, never was found, and of course not located, and yet we do know of arteries and veins, and can deal with them, and life may depend thereon, so it is in all things; and more especially in spiritual matters, being less definable than the purely material. Our inability to define, cannot, in reason, overcome the strong points of truth. We have a certain speciality and definiteness in all our life, that we do know and understand, however little we know of anything else. If you should employ a man to build you a house, and he should spend his time in chattering logic and planting moon beams, instead of wood and stone, and should justify to your objections that he was working upon his agreement in that all things were connected and related, you would not bring out your bottom dollar to pay him, and you, as the employer, would seem to have some voice in the matter.

In law, all testimony concerning the subject matter is sought for, and is lawful, but yet there must be practically a limit somewhere as to the extent; for too remote it cannot be received. But the dividing line may be difficult of expression, and the judgment of the court is had upon what is desired. Upon the principle that all things are connected, and all equally near, then the whole world would be on the witness stand, and in the jury box. Every body would take a general swear, and with free speech to the lawyers, there would be nearly as much confusion and want of perspicuity as upon an unlimited spiritual platform. I say nearly, for I do not wish, to cast any shadow upon its merited preeminence in this regard. The physician has the wide world of material medica before him. It is true that every one thing is related to every other thing. The line of use and poison exists, however, though it cannot be defined in terms. In fact it is ever shifting, and is moved by every new element or condition. There is a place for everything in its duty, in its dispensation, according to his ability, to see that everything has its place. And now, Mr. Editor, it must be agreed by all, that as to physical things, to say there is no distinction to be taken between nearness and remoteness, whether you can define the line or not, is shocking to all common sense, and who is there that can maintain for a moment that the same does not apply to spiritual matters as well. The physician calls his method and practice of choosing the best, the nearest related, and also the most useful consideration, and so the Spiritualist. Choose always the nearest and the best, that which, under all the conditions and circumstances, will do the most good. A society, in its organization and action, has a right to choose and to define its choice, while it is equally lawful for the multitude not to organize, or upon organization to fail to define and to limit. Yet if there is danger of misapprehension and erroneous action, it is the duty of a society so to organize as best to secure the end desired.

But the most important branch of this topic, and which I desire most to notice is this, that the attempt to extend the Spiritualist religion to every thing, and to include every thing in it, is but doing the same thing which other religions have done, in the union of church and state, or the supremacy of their favorite church, bringing wars and persecution, and the very thing that its advocates deem most reprehensible when done by others. If this be deemed a remarkable proposition, I ask its consideration from an outside standpoint, and let the reasoning impartial judgment decide. Most all the religions of every age have endeavored to press their religion into the superior place, and for the sake of power they have sought the aid of the state,—or if they have not done that, they have contrived to place the religion of the unbeliever and non-conformist should be uncomfortable. Why have they done so? It has not been of malice, for they have had their good intentions as well. It is because that their religion was all in all to them, it included all there was of life, it came down from Heaven. It is divine. It includes all duty, all work. It includes all reform, and it includes government. This was the idea and pretense of the Catholic church in all its stages, and its justification for all that we call persecution, and so it is now.

The Pilgrim fathers, even though they had fled from persecution on the plea of freedom, still insisted that their church included every good thing, and hence they carried their religion into their schools and into government, and became the bitter persecutors of others. That thought has continued to the present day; and now the sentiment prevails greatly with churchmen, that their church includes all reforms, and that there is no necessity for other organizations; and hence it is that they are less forward than others in direct reformatory movements.

So it ever has been and so it naturally is, with every religion. The grand idea of perfection, the length and breadth and power of one's religion, swallows up all other ideas, even that of freedom (freedom for others) and excludes all other things. A good illustration is presented in the act of the Mohammedan chieftain, at Constantinople I think it was, that he may have been Africanus. Being called upon to save the great library from destruction by the troops, he replied, "If the books teach the same thing as the Koran, they are useless—if their teachings are opposed to the Koran, they are infidel, and should be destroyed." And so the great light of the world was extinguished.

At the present time, why is it that the orthodox Christians think it is right for them to push their religion into everything? It is because they think it includes all reforms, and contains the spirit of all that is good for humanity. Hence they may control the public schools, and make manifest that spirit there. The Catholic goes further, and says that their religion is first of all things, and should control education, and they will go by themselves but they will do it. Nothing more is wanting but the power to do it.

And now, as to these expansionists, these inflationists of Spiritualism.

"Oh, would some power the gift give us
To see ourselves as others see us."

Let us ask, if they should not be placed in the same category with the other enthusiasts that have magnified their religion so as to include everything? What will outsiders say? What must they say, that see themselves as others see them? If your bull has gone mad, my ox, of course you must pay me all damage. "But it is your bull that gored my ox." "Oh—that alters the case!" Let the churches now at their meetings resolve that the Christian religion includes all reforms, and that for the name for humanitarianism. Would we not consider that they were troubled badly with idolatry, that it would be an exhibition of fanatical zeal, self-sufficiency and exclusiveness that would give us the cold chills? As we know the high respect in which they hold their religion—the first in all things—the meaning still further is, that a Christian is a humanitarian, and that a non-Christian is not a humanitarian.

But the Christians are in the ascendancy, and put themselves on their feet, their grandeur, purity and strength. But these new enthusiasts, what of them? Let the answer be made from a Christian standpoint. But if here will be prejudice, call in the outsider, the non-religious, the mere humanitarian and let him see and decide, and he will say, "These Spiritualists propose to go into all the reforms as Spiritualists. They go into the public schools as Spiritualists. They take hold of the Woman Suffrage cause as Spiritualists. As Spiritualists they join the Labor Reform societies, or perhaps they will not join any society of a true common cause on the ground that their own society is all sufficient. As Spiritualists they undertake all reforms. That means governmental action as well as anything else. They are as bad as the Christians the worst kind of religious propagandists. The Christians want to reform the constitution, and put in God, and Jesus as the divine author of their religion. These new enthusiasts will oppose them now, being the weak and beggery party, but when their time comes, and their reforms will be in place, the best of our ability, then, we must make it a matter of their religion into the constitution. Their propositions are the same in spirit, the same in terms, and must be the same in result. Unless the Spiritualist comes to the Christian as a Christian, he is not to him a good co-worker in humanity. Unless the Christian comes to the Spiritualist as a Spiritualist, he is not a good co-worker in humanity. And so it goes, while I am left out in the cold, or rather ground between the two mill stones. Why can they not all in everything that pertains to the common interests of mankind, in this life, act simply for the general good, and not protrude into bold relief either of their religions as cause or reason for their conduct?"

This judgment of the outsider upon view, seems to me eminently independent and correct. And now, Mr. Editor, Spiritualism is in the hardening process, and we must see to it, that the forms are right. The twig can now be bent, but soon it will assume larger proportions and become more firm in its place. To the best of our ability, then, we must make it right now. I do not deem it right, certainly not expedient, that we, or any of us, should raise such a broad banner of propagandism, and thus fall back into the error of other religions, and must incompetently be guilty of what we complain of in others. For my part, I draw a wide distinction between Spiritualism and humanitarianism in their practical meaning, and yet I will admit that from our knowledge and our standpoint, there is something of a true common cause that they are the same (as I have admitted that Spiritualism is connected with everything), but yet, no general truth, according to the proper use and practical meaning of the terms. The former is the proper name of our religion—our views of Spirit-life, its facts and philosophy, as distinguished

from others on the same subject. The latter is the proper name of all our enterprises for the betterment of humanity. In these there may be no distinctive religious thought of, or hinted at. There may be facts by results, the mid-fictions of thought effected by religion. I long to see the day when, the banner of true reform being lifted, all shall rush unto it, and do battle together, with out a question of what may become of the little religious standards that they have left behind.

The broad field of humanitarianism is the place for the display of humanitarian enterprises. The religious school is not the place, unless in some measure to point to, and prepare for them, as the public school prepares for the issues of life, when the scholar enters upon its labors.

If we do not as Spiritualists enter upon all these reforms, what shall we do at our meetings? Why, truly, "the harvest is ripe and the laborers are few." First, we should study, and make clear to ourselves, the facts, the theories and philosophy of our Spiritualism, and cause the world to understand them. Second, as the world is filled with opposing religions that are to the last degree pertinacious in the maintenance of their dogmas, all that there is of error in them must be overcome and cleared out of the way. The third goodly work might be the actualization of our beautiful philosophy in ourselves; self culture, learning, growth, humanization, marching on to perfection in wisdom, purity, love, righteousness, and all the graces, and presenting to the world full evidence of the angelic origin of our religion.

Fourth—I am not sure, Mr. Editor, but in proceeding further I would be anticipating a little too much. I think by the time any one has performed the programme so far laid down, he will easily control himself, what formerly would be a trouble to himself, for by that time I seriously intend to be far up in the spheres. Nothing to do?

The passage of resolutions is often undertaken as a very proper work. Generally I see but little room for the passage of resolutions, unless they are of a practical nature, and a declaration of principles; that is to say, those distinctive principles which we maintain generally, and which we consider as well supported by our demonstrative facts, for information to the world. Be, of course, my programme of action in least place for that class of resolutions, so important to any real issue, and yet so common, based upon some pretended nobility and really external to the proper field of labor, according to the limitations that I have laid down.

If now any one replies that this, your programme, is not a matter of resolutions, but of the monogamic marriage, my ready answer is, that that was a matter of necessity forced upon us by the wrong action of the laborers that had preceded us in the field. It was to mend the wall that had been broken down. And the way was made good by the principle, "whereas by the teachings of some and the unwarrantable assertions of others, it has come to be believed that Spiritualism usages the repeal of all marriage laws, and as a consequence, upholds the practice of promiscuity between man and woman, and in order to prevent such a wrong in the past and at the (then) present, there would have been no call for such a resolution. It was a shame that there should have been a demand for such a resolution, and a shame, too, that the resolution should have been lost. It is a shame, then, now, that the passage of resolutions in favor of the monogamic marriage is demanded all through the land, in order to deliver from the reproach cast upon us by false men and false conduct, but and with all remedy must be applied until fully efficacious as to all those who consider that they suffer from the wrong.

"One extreme produces another," "fanaticism breeds fanaticism." These are old sayings and reminders of their truthfulness. Our outsider that we made the judge, would hardly fail to observe that the fiercest declaimers against other religions for the work that they honestly do in devotion to their idea that their religion includes all reforms, even to the overthrow of God and Christ into the Constitution, and call their capacious sources of danger to the American people, are yet marching in the same direction, have commenced with the same watchword, and are likely to fall into the same error.

I have thus expressed, Mr. Editor, upon this matter of the nearness and remoteness of certain special matters (which are common to the world) to our own subject matter of Spiritualism—a matter mooted often before, but little expressed. The ground how clear expression has been made, and I hope the nearest and the best of the principle of Eclecticism. Chicago, Ill.

Curious Developments.

My object at this time, is not to indulge in any speculative theories, but to simply make a plain, simple and unvarnished statement of facts, as they have come under my observation, without submitting even an opinion as to the cause of the phenomena I am going to relate, but leave every one, whose eyes may be reached by this article, to determine of this for himself.

During the fall, winter and spring of 1865 and 1866, our brother, Dr. H. C. Pierce, who is now occasionally contributing to the columns of the JOURNAL, and his wife, a medium, spent some months in our family, during which time we held a great many circles, and had many, to say the least, curious manifestations, regarded Mrs. Pierce as highly gifted as a developing medium. Some of the most striking, and impressive manifestations, and to which it is my purpose to allude at this time, were not the direct result of regular sittings or circles, but seemed to be thrust in as interlopers, consisting mainly of picture making.

The first case that I would mention, occurred at the hands of a woman making no pretensions to mediumship, neither possessing any skill with the pencil or brush, and barely able to write her own name legibly. One day while sitting in the same room, with several other ladies, where the spirits were communicating through Mrs. Pierce, by rapping and writing, the lady alluded to, while engaged with her work, sewing, was suddenly wrought upon physically in such a manner that she found herself unable to place her needle where she designed, and after several fruitless efforts to do so, she called attention to the fact, saying, "Something is the matter with my hand, I can't put my needle to the right place; whereupon Mrs. P., the medium, remarked, "The spirits have got hold of you. Maybe they want to write. Take the pencil and see!" She did so, placing the point upon a piece of white paper, and almost instantaneously, her hand was controlled by an invisible power or agency, which proved itself to be skilled in the use of the pencil, for in a very brief space of time, with no other means than a common lead pencil, in the hand of an honest uneducated, but highly negative woman, was wrought out a great black scroll, the size of a man's three fingers, but resembling a huge column of smoke in the distance, of a pillar of clouds in the horizon, and apparently having no resemblance to any thing else.

After the work was complete, the pencil falling from her hand, the question was asked, and naturally enough, too, "Well, what does that mean?" But no one could give any satisfactory answer, but each in turn, after inspecting it closely, decided that it must be designed to represent a column of smoke, or a pillar of cloud, and that all any one could make of it. Finally, another lady, on picking it up from the table, discovered the bust of a man clearly defined, and most delicately touched and artistically finished. Not larger than a man's little finger nail, there hid away in the scroll, was that beautiful face, "O'er looked," said Pope, "alike by the fool and wise, until unsuspectingly discovered and pointed out by a woman."

Next, there was discovered in another part of the same scroll, a greyhound in a running posture, and as complete a picture of that animal as I have ever beheld; plain to be seen when once pointed out. Then a deer, a large buck, with a full head of horns, was disclosed, the dog chasing in hot pursuit. Finally, it was discovered that there was no part of this scroll that was not composed of some clearly defined object.

The phenomenon to which I would make allusion, is that of picture making also, but through the hand of a little child nine or ten years old, with an accuracy and speed that was astonishing to behold, and a variety which made it highly interesting, an instance of which, among others, may be seen in the picture of making and naming "the orthodox devil," whereupon two persons present, being mediocrally controlled, rushed upon and demolished his satanic majesty, with a gusto worthy of such a work, and which was followed by demonstrations of ecstatic delight.

I will now give one more incident. I have seen a man take a common slate, and with the pencil make the face of the slate, or sections of it, as white as it is possible, and then, with the same pencil, and to all appearance the same motion, take the white off, making a black picture, or writing a legible hand in black marks within the black, by using white ground, with the same pencil that had a moment before put the white there.

J. B. CONR.

Rancho, Gonzales Co., Texas.

Appreciated.

The following editorial notice clipped from the *Vicksburg Union* is a fair sample of the handsome manner in which our exchanges are noticing the JOURNAL, every mail bringing them in:

"N. B. One hundred subscribers for the *Harmonial Philosophical Journal*, wanted. This paper can be obtained for three months for the small sum of 25cts, and a single paper is worth the price. Try it, and you will learn something of the philosophy of life and immortality and also how such impostors as John M. Queen and others, who come from the ranks, by using Spiritualism, for attempting to deceive. For particulars enquire of W. A. Wells of Vicksburg, who will cheerfully act as agent."

Extracts from our Exchanges.

In order to give our readers a more comprehensive view of Spiritualism and Religious subjects, we shall publish in this Department, the latest articles of our exchanges, which are receiving from all parts of the inhabitable globe.

SOULS AND SCENES IN SPIRIT LIFE.

BY FANNY GREEN M'DOUGAL.

NUMBER TWO—THE HEAVENS.

[From Brittan's Quarterly Journal.]

Again I was awakened from a fit of profound abstraction by the well known voice of the Sage, Swedenborg. "Come, my son," he said, "let us now go abroad in the heavens, and behold the spirit that inspires and creates them."

"As if the very wall had been a word of enchantment, we were instantly translated into a scene of surpassing peace and beauty."

"I need not say you to define this!" I exclaimed, as we entered. "It is the heaven of the poets."

"Truly, my son," he answered, "Breathe it; drink it; absorb its power; for this is thy native element—thy most interior essence and germ of life."

The feeble cannot compass the strong. The small cannot comprehend the great. The finite cannot comprehend the infinite. Neither can any description do more than dimly shadow forth the great glory that everywhere breathes into bloom. Sublime vistas of indescribable mellowness and depth, rounded and wound away, into infinite series of beauty and grandeur; and all natural objects were, or seemed to be, crystallized in their most enchanting forms. Yet this crystal purity was neither cold nor fixed; but, on the contrary, everything was instinct with an overflowing fullness of life. Lovely children, clothed with immaculate whiteness, came and looked at us with their large and lustrous eyes, reminding me of that fine picture of the "Baby Angels" in Joan of Arc.

Bower within bower would open as we gazed, each unfolding starrier flowers, or blushing into softer heart-blooms. Wonderful combinations and shades of color banded every hill, bloomed on every bank, and opened every tree. Sky within sky, heaven beyond heaven, continually arched and opened; for the landscape was like drapery that swayed in the wind, now high, now low, now close and hovering, now wide and far away; and its constantly changing folds stirred with every breeze.

And as the landscape, so was the intelligence, mingled and wrought together. Eye within eye, heart within heart, and soul within soul, these sublime spirits were interwrought and mingled. I shrank back with awe, feeling my own unworthiness to enter the portals of immortal genius.

A spirit came forward and saluted me. The Scottish thistle and the tarlatan plaid seemed to shine out of him, as a reminiscence of nationality, while his whole strongly-marked individuality was intensified by his own unrivaled song. "A Man's Man, for a' that."

As he led me into the midst, I grasped the manly hand, and knew the noble spirit of the ploughman, Burns.

One after another they came forward and embraced and blessed me; and in this moment they always observed the order of my preference. I knew them all. No one had need to say, "This is Moore," or, "This is Dante." The individuality always announced itself.

Songs of welcome woke again, swelled and repeated by a thousand voices, caught and prolonged by a thousand harps. Of this music I have no power to speak. Description fails; for language fades away and dies in the bare conception of it. It was at once the compass of all grandeur, and the most intimate essence of all sweetness.

To have heard it unprepared, with a crude heart, and ear and soul untutored, would have been certain and instant death. Even as it was, I gasped, I panted in the almost intellectual effort to match my weakness with its strength, my crudeness with its infinitely fine and piercing potencies. The very sense of pleasure drew on the heart-strings with a strain so tense, they seemed liable to breaking. It was ecstasy acuter than pain.

But with this ecstasy came the reacting power. A sea of harmony was breathing, throbbing, heaving round me. Stretching away into unknown distance, it gathered itself up into mountain waves, and then came rolling, booming back, with its vocal volumes of sweetness and power. Would I be soothed and lulled up? Would I be absorbed and annihilated in the swelling flood, that still swept onward? No. No! I caught the power and became one with it. I cast myself on the coming wave. It bore me up—up! up! into the inner heaven of harmonies, where I knew I was to be told. Neither can a fitting image of it be brought away. Everything seemed annihilated but that most wonderful harmony, and the sense that could feel it and live.

How I was borne back I know not, for the spirit fainted with excess of rapture. This was my initiation.

The power of my guide reanimated and restored me. And then I could perceive more clearly the real character and true interest of the scene. I was surprised to observe the business-like order which everything suddenly assumed.

"You see," said Burns, who seemed drawn to me by an irresistible attraction, "that here there are no drones. We are not merely singers, but workers also. You would find, should you come near enough, that every one of these groups is actually a committee. All have their distinct plans, powers and purposes. And these, again, are resolved by their representatives into a committee of the whole."

"Of what nature is their action?" I asked.

"Here there is but one principle of interest and action, and that is humanity," he answered; the Sage; for the poet at that moment was summoned away, by a necessity for his presence in the group to which he belonged.

"To this," continued the Sage, "all efforts and all interests converge; and by all our combined wills, this immense power is concentrated and polarized. Could the people below feel now and then but a ray of this light, they would see there is yet hope for the groaning earth, and a day of universal and permanent good for the heirs of mankind."

"Why do you not, then, make people see this thing?" I asked, almost reproachfully.

"Why leave them to suffer thus, without need?"

"Dost thou not see," he responded, "that their capacity of sight is yet unfolded? The requisite degree? Milk is not babes' food, only for strong men. We cannot, if we would, force development upon any. You see all these spirits separated into innumerable groups of well-defined powers and characters. They are grouped, as all other things are, by their own nature, and move freely by their attractions. They who can best work in company consort together. They are all, now, either discussing or seeking to carry out in practice the best

means of reaching and influencing circles below them."

I assented, but with difficulty, to his proposition. It seemed so clear to me that these spirits, taking up with their combined potencies, take some more direct methods for effecting their ends. That dark fact, the existence and predominance of evil, was an old stumbling block. I was not yet wise or strong enough to escape it.

"Remember the lessons of the bells," said the Sage, answering to the thought he read. There is no true expansion without growth—no true ascent without progress. And growth, as you well know, is a vital process, that must be mainly moved and maintained by the inherent vital forces. Hence you cannot force a true natural growth upon any being or anything. You must lay the foundation broad and strong, before you build. An attempt to rear the superstructure before you deposit the base is not more vain and futile than any effort to make a man wise before his time, and beyond his power."

"I confess myself in the wrong," I answered; "but I was quite carried away by an intellectual desire to reach and comfort the sufferers."

"Even so," he responded, "but this fervor will be tempered by a truer observation and a larger experience. Look again, and tell me what thou seest."

As my sight followed the direction of his hand, I beheld one vast outflowing circumference of life and beauty. I gazed in amazement as the radiance broke upon me. It was an immense river of light, flowing down an inclined plane and sweeping away into infinite distance.

"But what is the meaning of yonder cloud?" I asked, pointing to a broad plain of darkness that lay beneath and nearly parallel to the down-flowing light.

"That," he answered, "is a representation of crude human life, in the undeveloped and depraved masses of mankind."

"Is it not horrible?" I exclaimed, turning from the chilly darkness with an intense shudder.

"Not altogether so," he answered mildly. "Look yet more closely."

As I did so, I perceived that the crust of the cloud was thin in many places, in others quite broken, lighting the shadows, opening loop-holes, and letting in flecks and streams of light, more or less broad and perfect. Looking through these I beheld earnest faces, uplifted hands, and kindling eyes, all turned strongly toward the light, as if invoking its presence and its power.

"It is nature," said the Sage. "Warp it as you will; maim and blind it as you may; yet with the first moment of freedom it will begin to fetch itself round, and being left free it will certainly straighten itself. The law is eternal. From the bulb that bends back to the beam of light from a crack in your cellar-door, up to the man—the angel, everything after its kind—spontaneously seek the light. And thus are the heavens, in a tempered and partial glory, at once revealed and observed, my son, that the more highly-forged one grows, the more it sheds forth beams of secondary splendor on all around them. Know, then, that a single impulse of good is infinite. Wave wakes wave, with ever multiplying motion. Feeling touches feeling, thought stirs thought. And thus the sweep of the ocean, gathering force with each rebound, bearing onward forever the pride and power, the genius and strength of ages. Nothing is lost. The very first ripple that woke in the dark, alone, on the remotest shore of time, shall never be divested of itself. Though changing oceans, for the time, absorb and swallow it up; yet true to the instinct of all being, it pushes ever onward, toward the free, the true, the perfect. There is no retrograde."

This principle which thou now beholdest is the law of beauty, and the capacity of feeling its power. By this universal sympathy of mankind, this innate sense and love of the beautiful, the earth is yet to be redeemed. Among the great powers of progress, the first is beauty. Heart-queen of the world! None are so blind to be insensible to her power. And thus will the finally mould mankind after the model of her own fineness."

Thus saying he waved his hand; the rainbow drapery seemed to fall between us and the distance; and once more all stood encompassed by the heaven of art, or beauty, for the time, but all other artists are represented and allied.

There was little opportunity for special observation, where the whole essence of things was on so grand and vast a scale. But I observed, as I stood in the centre of an immense amphitheatre, that seemed to me both circular and spiral. Round and near us were the more familiar groups. And these were also generally nearest in point of time.

But what astonished me, and doubtless may surprise you, was to see that type which we, in our savage egotism, have dared to brand as specifically servile, represented by some of the richest heirs of immortal genius. Thus, even while I spoke, Ignatius Sancho, the accomplished African, walks by, chatting gayly with the heaven of art, or beauty, for the time, but all other artists are represented and allied.

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"Know, then," said the Sage; "that of all these immensities groups, the highest is at the lowest, the lowest at the highest; and let this comfort thee. There is none so high but he has, directly or indirectly, ascended. Share the whole earth. There is none so low but he yet has the capability of infinite aspiration and unlimited progress."

Again we were transported to a scene wholly and strikingly different. The air was so still and deep it seemed as if no breath had ever stirred it. The heavens, the earth, and the whole earth, the same still profound. This was the region of philosophers, of those great and calm souls, who are unfolding practical truths for the good of mankind. Among them Franklin, Fulton, Archimedes, and Arkwright, appeared highly distinguished. These were divided into groups, as the others had been. Sometimes also a single individual was cloistered alone by himself—that is, by his own will. Whenever a spirit wishes to be alone, I saw that will was a barrier, impenetrable as the thickest walls. No one can enter there uninvited. But many of these homes were hospitably opened to me; and in them I saw wonderful things, of which the possible idea has never yet dawned on the horizon of earth. There were many types and models of inventions, that must, some day, make greater revolutions in the lower land than have ever as yet been known. All kinds of machinery, with many modifications of motive power, passed in review before me. I observed that, in the progress of mechanical science, complication of parts and forces was rapidly passing into simplicity.

Next we entered the circle of teachers; and there I saw directly that what is true of mechanics is eminently so of all other science, both spiritual and material. Humboldt and Cuvier have not yet finished their work; nor have even Thales and Plato, and Seneca and Socrates. The lives of the spirit, the inner and more excellent is the power he generates. Hence his capacity of good service in any work must advance with his years. Through some inspired disciples of truth we shall yet have a more concise Cosmos, and a simpler classification of natural forces.

Next we entered the place of heroes and warriors. Vast armies were marching and countermarching; military tactics were discussed; and all the machineries of war were examined and pronounced upon. In the inner portion of this sphere there was powerful concentration of intense stillness. To passing my thought into the common channel, I saw that the most powerful of these spirits, represented by Leonidas, Hannibal, Washington, Caesar, Bonaparte, and Alexander, were impressing and aiding officers and men, then in actual engagement. And thus I comprehended more clearly than ever the reasons of success or failure in the different degrees of intensity which this power assumes, and the different grades of receptivity in its media or material recipients. This also was apparent, that no powerful spirit can be side-tracked by an unjust, ill-grounded war. Hence in the long run whatever may be the present hindrances, success must ultimately come to the right.

Among the distinguished representatives of this principle, I was pleased to see how often old friends were fused in present friendship. Julius Cæsar walked arm and arm with Brutus while Napoleon stood by. The great field of the revolution with his old enemy, the equally grand and imperial Toussaint. And here, also, I observed that although the negro race have never been regarded as brave, it was represented by a very large proportion of the highest spirits. And the reason for this was obvious. In a genuine struggle for freedom is called forth, at once, the boldest muscle and the intensest essence of the heroic power. Here the wrongs of history, which, as yet, have given little or no honor to the dark-skinned people, are partially rectified. We will tell you of the deeds of Major Selfrey, of Jude Hall, or the glorious Cuban poet, Placido! Among this race are thousands of nameless heroes, many of whom would take the highest rank. To use the beautiful words of William Wordsworth, "The noblest of the field of the revolution. Their feet tracked with blood the snows of New Jersey. Their toil built up every fortification south of the Potomac. They shared the famine and nakedness of Valley Forge, and the pestilential horrors of the English prison, the French guillotine, and the American gallows."

And yet who remembers them? But here, embosomed with the bravest, their brows are bound with chaplets of imperishable renown. Worthy of all honor and here is remembered the grand reply of the boy, James Forten. When the English captain offered him a happy home, wealth and honor in England, in exchange for the Jersey Prison Ship, how grandly loomed up the soul of the poor Mulatto boy as he answered, "No—no: I am here held a prisoner for the liberties of my country, and I shall prove a traitor to her cause. Truly has it been said that 'the colored race have shed their blood for a country that made them aliens, and proved themselves men in a land that denied their manhood.'"

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Pamphlets giving full descriptions and prices, can be had from local agents, or will be mailed free on application.

10/17/71

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New York Department.

BY E. D. BABBITT, D. M.

Subscriptions and advertisements for this paper received at the New York Magnetic Cure, 437 Fourth Avenue, by Dr. Babbitt.

Judge Edmunds and Free Love.

In a conversation with Judge Edmunds last year, he took occasion to denounce Free Love as being a thing quite opposed to true Spiritualism. He seemed to keep himself sacred to his wife, although he had for some time been only his spiritual bride. His love was not of that shallow kind, founded in the flesh and which requires a new object every week. He stated a circumstance to illustrate some of the temptations that had been thrown before him, and also a phase of mediumship. A accomplished and high-toned lady stopping at his house, seemed for a time to be handed over to the influence of a lower grade of spirits, to test his character. She became deeply entranced and for two hours used every art to endeavor to persuade him to improper familiarity with herself. When she came out of the trance she was totally unconscious of what had occurred, and he never shocked her sensibilities by making the least allusion to it. Would that all mediums could be thrown into the company of persons so true to principle, and with so delicate a sense of honor.

NEW YORK ITEMS.

The Liberal Club of N. Y., meets at Plimpton Hall every Friday evening. They are a keen set of men, and a man must be wide awake when he debates with them. Not long ago Prof. Marvin, of the Woman's Free Medical College, gave a lecture before them on Mediumship, or Mediumisms, as he called it. He is a fine rhetorician, and took great pains to show that mediumship came from an imperfect condition of the physical system, and was a phase of insanity. When Dr. Hallcock got up to answer him, he said he was himself a medium, and pointing to his own powerfully built frame, contrasted it with Prof. Marvin's pale and delicate appearance, asking which of them, judging by their physical condition, was most likely to be taken to a lunatic asylum. Near by was Dr. White, Professor in the same college, and powerful in body, who made a speech on the spiritual side, and near him was myself, weighing 180 pounds and three times as healthy, as I ever was before becoming a medium. So there were several troublesome arguments against his theory close by. Professor Marvin said that mediumship occurred generally among women, and was caused by a deranged uterine condition. His theory was simply truth standing on its head, for instead of a deranged womb causing mediumship, the overworking of the mediumistic powers would sometimes cause a deranged womb. The truth is that, as a general rule, the more spiritualized, pure and healthy, the body becomes by right food, and right life, the better the mediumship, while in very many cases a diseased condition destroys mediumship. Elder Evans, the eminent Shaker was present and gave them some good rums. The club is to have a lecture soon from Dr. Hallcock on Spiritualism.

Dr. Henry T. Odell, the accomplished correspondent of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, from Philadelphia, has just made me a little visit, and we had a delightful little intercourse with reference both to the earthly and the heavenly. I could say to him, as I once said to Mr. J. M. Peckles, I wish you could stay yet I hope you may live and help wage this battle of truth against the enemy for twenty years to come. Sometimes when I think of my strong body, I fear I shall hardly get to the more blessed life as soon as I would like, and yet at the same time I feel that I am now how glorious after all to stay here and help lift the people upward into the light. Let us all fulfill our early destiny faithfully, and then doubly beautiful shall the higher life be to us when we go hence.

The Odell Debate.

BRO. JONES.—About two weeks ago Prof. Taylor, of Chicago, gave a series of four lectures here, which have already been noticed in your paper. These lectures were delivered in the Congregational Church, and were of such a candid, straight-forward, philosophical nature, and given in such a winsome way that every body was entirely won over to him. But on reflection it was agreed that it would not answer to allow such a course of lectures to go unnoticed; so one "Prof. (?) Harry Cook" was engaged to give a series of lectures to show that Spiritualism is all "deception and a snare, and trickery and deludery," and published his appointments and proved himself a third or fourth-rate juggler, with no ability as a lecturer whatever.

Like all such, he was blatant and loud-mouthed, railing against the Goliath of Gath. The Spiritualists invited him to a discussion; of course he accepted, which said more for his courage than it did for his wisdom. But at last arrangements were consummated, and the following papers were signed by the parties interested: the designs and forfeits were to hold Cook to the track, for they knew how slippery those orthodox defenders of faith are, to wit:

"It is hereby agreed that the deposit put up in the case of the discussion on Spiritualism, to be held at Odell on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, April 6th, 7th and 8th, it is to be returned to the respective parties if a discussion is held on that time, by Prof. Cook and some competent person. If some unavoidable cause, as death or physical debility occurs on the part of Prof. Cook, or the opposite side, then this shall not work a forfeit of the deposit; but if Prof. Cook on his part does not appear his money is forfeited, and if some competent person does not appear to oppose, then the party putting up the forfeit loses—it being understood that the forfeit is only intended to secure the appearance of parties and discussion."

Having made this arrangement, the following resolutions were agreed upon for discussion:

Resolved, That the Harmonical or Spiritual Philosophy is untrue, unworthy of belief and productive of no good; that the whole thing from beginning to end is a system of fraud and deception, and while there may be honest and sincere believers in the same, yet they are wholly and entirely deceived so far as any spiritual agency is concerned, and that all its phenomena can be explained on purely scientific grounds.

Resolved, That Modern Spiritualism is in its true sense and construction, a production of the phenomena and its philosophy; that it is the only means of fully establishing the doctrine of the immortality of the soul aside from revelation; that it can not, in view of all human construction, or to other evidence, be set down as a destructive of the principles of morality and virtue, and that its teachings in their true intentions are productive of good, and that departed spirits can communicate, through human means, with mankind.

Resolved, That the statement of Prof. Harry

Cook on the evening of April 3d, at Winsor's Hall, as to the divisions on which he would discuss the question with Dr. Taylor, that he would divide the question into two parts, putting fraud, phenomena, deception and trickery on one side, and science as explaining all things on the other, can not be sustained.

The following is a copy, verbatim, of his handbills, which will show the brazen-faced chicanery of the mountebank:

"Free! Free! Free! Winsor's Hall, Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings. Prof. Harry Cook, will appear in a course of lectures in this place, and give a Practical Exposé of Modern Spiritualism, introducing the most marvelous feats of the Davenport, Read, Fays, and other noted mediums, which he will expose by reproducing them in full view of the audience. He challenges opposition, discussion, or any medium in the country. The first evening will be free to all."

But ultimately they sealed him by a forfeit of \$50, and he stayed. Dr. T. did not get the telegram in time to get there on Monday, and so telegraphed that he would be there on Tuesday evening. Prof. Cook had it all one way Monday night, but seeing such an immense audience and the earnestness of the people, he trembled in his boots, and took the next train South, going off on the same train that Dr. Taylor arrived on. No persuasion or entreaty upon the part of his friends could induce him to stay and meet the Doctor; so on Tuesday night he had all his way, and in an able and straight-forward argument showed the folly of all such bold pretenses. But the fun of the whole matter is yet to come. At the close of Dr. Taylor's lecture, on Tuesday evening, he mentioned that he was going to take the train for Galveston the next day. Some one notified Cook that he was gone or going on the next train, and immediately Cook telegraphed to one of the friends that he would be back at 4 o'clock that afternoon, evidently supposing that the Doctor had left town; but he had considered to stay and take the midnight train. So the friends of both parties called Cook for a discussion that night. A cryer, with a bell in his hand went all over town ringing it and crying, "Dr. Taylor and Prof. Cook at Winsor's Hall to-night!" Twenty-five cents admission.

This brought out quite an audience, and for two hours and a half the subject was under review. The merits and demerits of Spiritualism, were the phases of the matter under consideration. Dr. Taylor said, "The merits of Spiritualism are based upon two things—first, the truth of mediumship; second, the practical application of the teachings of spirit communion. He claimed that the fact of mediumship is taught in the Bible—first, as to clairvoyance, and the fact of the mediumship of David, and the case of Elisha, whose servant's eyes were opened and "he saw the mountains full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." (2 Kings 6: 12-17) Second, as to physical manifestation; and he instanced the elastic writing of the prophet Elisha, and the case of the man who was dead, and compared that with communication he had from his brother. And also Acts 12: 6, 7, where Peter's chains were knocked off, and cited the case of Mrs. Perry who had come from the cabinet, leaving the hand-cuffs and red ropes all behind her.

Prof. Cook came on with bluster and blew, to say that he did not hold that all mediumship was trickery, but that nine-tenths of it was, and spent most of his time in blowing the character of mediums, without ever answering a single point that was made against him. So the Doctor came on the track again and led his would-be rival a giddy maze, answering his insinuations, and challenging him to do in his presence what he said he could—viz: all that any medium could do. So the Doctor said, "Mr. Cook, show us a specimen of your clairvoyance; of your slate writing; of your materialization; of your fire-test, etc., etc."

Prof. C. said "all materialization and physical manifestations were frauds, and he could get out of any rope that he might be tied with, etc."

At the close of the discussion Dr. Taylor tied Cook in a few minutes with a new, stiff rope. After a terrific effort, he did get out of it in the space of half an hour of the hardest work that any poor mortal ever did, and called it a great victory. But his friends who after he was freed for reason, good sense and propriety, were heartily ashamed of him.

The Doctor was universally pronounced as honorable, dignified, straight-forward, and argumentative, and though this was the second time that he had been here, he was greeted with a splendid audience at any time he may return.

ONE PRESENT.

Odell, III.

Woman's Suffrage.

It is with great pleasure we give place to the following circular.

The proposition of the legislature, by joint resolution, is exactly right. Let the friends of female suffrage work with a will for the accomplishment of their most noble object, and success is sure to crown their efforts. It is correct in principle, and is only a matter of time; that time is near or remote as the friends work for its consummation.

No side issues creep into your councils. Keep your eyes steadfast on the object to be attained. Let your ranks form in one solid phalanx, doing battle for the accomplishment of the one single purpose—female suffrage.

BRO. JONES.—The annual meeting of the Michigan State Woman's Suffrage Association, will be held in Lansing, at Representative Hall, on Wednesday, May 6th, 1874, at 2 o'clock P. M. At its late extra session, the legislature passed a joint resolution submitting the question of female suffrage to the electors of the State at the time of the general elections this fall. This action of the legislature devolves upon us an important duty. At this meeting we ought if possible, to organize all our forces throughout the State, so that our strongest may be made effective for the accomplishment of the purposes of our organization. To this end the State should be canvassed by working speakers, so that the people may be educated, and our friends induced to work for the cause through the campaign and vote for it at the election. To secure this result, we invite you to meet at our place at the time and place indicated. We will receive you cordially, entertain you freely, and do all in our power to make your stay amongst us mutually pleasant and advantageous to the cause. Mrs. E. O. Stanton, Mrs. H. H. Hunt, and other eminent speakers will address the meeting.

H. B. BARTHOLOMEW, Chairman, Lansing City Woman's Suffrage Association.

Take Notice.

The colored monitor attached to every paper mailed from this Publishing House, indicates the day of the month and year to which payment has been made. No one need to

write to this office for a statement of his or her account, when it goes with the paper every week. If the day and month is in the past, the subscriber owes from such day, month and year, at the rate of \$3.50 a year, but under our present proposition, if arrears and one year in advance is paid, the advance rate of \$3.00 a year will be accepted. This liberal offer is made as an inducement for advance payment.

If any one does not know how to compute the time from the figures and letters on the colored monitor attached to each paper, an explanation will be found at the head of the first editorial column on the fourth page of this paper. Please turn to it and reckon up your accounts, all you who are in arrears.

To One Gifted With Second Sight.

BY MALCOLM TAYLOR

A glorious gift is yours, my friend!

A glorious gift is yours,

A sense does not on light depend,

Nor lowering lid obscures.

An eye that in the darkest hour

Perceives the hidden gem,

That low in clouded dust does cower,

Least from Love's diadem.

You smile to see the blossom bloom

Beneath the chilly snow;

And view beyond apparent gloom

The sun's irradiate glow.

You scan the past's dark winding maze,

The present's pale pervade,

And pierce the future's veil to gaze

On coming light and shade.

You watch the dimpled cherub dream

And smile in guileless mirth,

Then flit away like stray sunbeam

To pass the second birth.

You mark the aged spirit weak

Aweary of the storm,

With years of patient waiting meek,

Go out from its frail form.

You know the secrets of the heart,

You read the silent mind,

And penetrate the inmost part

Of man, the truth to find.

But best of all, you can discern

The dear ones gone before,

Who still in constant love return

To those they loved of yore.

And oft in visions do you wend

Where Life's pure fountain pours,

A glorious gift is yours, my friend!

A glorious gift is yours!

O prophet-soul! thy part, thy power,

To things that belong,

By angels given in loving power

To those who suffer wrongs.

Such sight is earned too doubly dear,

For them no sleep is given,

Those piercing eyes must look as clear

Through hell as well as heaven.

Spinal Disease and Paralysis Cured by Spirit Power.

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON, Medium, Chicago.—I have been affected with what is called the spinal affection from which I have been paralyzed in both legs, for the past eighteen months. The first eleven months I was upon my hands, after which I received sufficient strength in one leg to support my weight by being helped. So for the last seven months, I have been enabled to walk on one leg with crutches, by observing care. I am not able to do more than fifty cents worth of work to comply with the demands of your advertisement at present. If it be so, that you can cure me, I will raise the money to reward your kindness. My affliction was caused by getting wet while overheated. Please comply and oblige, NORMAN T. LAWRENCE, Galveston, Cass Co., Ind., Jan. 10, 1874.

MRS. ROBINSON DIAGNOSED AND PRESCRIBED FOR HER CASE, AND THIRTEEN DAYS AFTERWARDS RECEIVED THE FOLLOWING:

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON, DEAR SISTER.—Yours of the 22nd was received with much pleasure. I have applied those magnetized papers as you directed, and they have accomplished some good. At first my weakness was more sensitive than it had ever been, but my strength is gradually coming back. My right limb has never possessed sufficient strength to support my weight. The crutches are continued, and in bad condition for use. I got a kind friend to fill one of the prescriptions you sent, and have the promise of getting the other one in a few days. I got the recipe of the liniment filled and have been very successful in the use of it. I have at the present about fifty per cent more strength than I had before I commenced taking your treatment. So my hopes are increasing as well as faith.

NORMAN T. LAWRENCE.

Galveston, Ind., Feb. 5th, 1874.

MRS. ROBINSON AGAIN DIAGNOSED AND PRESCRIBED FOR HER CASE, AND HERE FOLLOWS HIS LAST LETTER:

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON.—It is with pleasure that I herein can inform you of the great change since I last wrote to you. I have improved greatly. I can walk one half of a mile without resting, and can almost bare my weight on my right limb. It is still gaining more strength. I am continuing to use that medicine. If anything more is to be done, I wish you to attend to my case.

NORMAN T. LAWRENCE.

Galveston, Ind., April, 1874.

Further Extension of Time.

There has been such a general response to our most urgent call for payment from many who are owing us more than one year, and so many already having made payment, in consideration of the continued hard times, we have concluded to extend the time until June, before we put unpaid demands into the hands of collectors in the respective counties where delinquents reside.

But we most urgently request every one who owes us, to consider the necessity of their coming as near advance payment as is consistent with their pecuniary circumstances.

While we are always willing to give time to those who cannot pay in advance, it is a bad practice for both subscribers and publisher, to allow accounts to run a long time unpaid.

Austin Kent Fund.

All amounts received for this fund will be immediately sent to the above named person, who is not able to secure his own support.

F. S. Thompson, Fairplay, Col. 25
Angels will bless such noble deeds of charity.

It is better to send direct to him at Stockholm, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.

The Little Bouquet Orphan's Fund.

This fund we propose to use for sending the little gem of beauty to orphans in as many different families as the donations will pay for.

Amount previously acknowledged . . . \$37.22

T. J. James, Brattleboro, Vt., sale of photographs of "Dickens" medium do-

dated by him 5.00

Helen Smith, Denver, Col. 25

A. C. Dinebo, Marietta, Ga. 25

Who will next be inspired to a similar deed of noble charity. We shall report.

New Publications.

BABBITT'S HEALTH GUIDE. Price \$1. New York: Published by E. D. Babbitt, D. M. A philosophy of cure, founded on the idea that healing elements are potent in proportion as they are subtle and refined, and weak in proportion as they are gross; that sunlight, electricity, and especially the still finer life-forces, being subtle next to spirit itself, are the most potent to heal, while mineral substances, being the weakest and least penetrating. This constitutes the law of power. The law of harmony is stated to be a nicely balanced contrast of elements. Magnetism, or the warm positive principle, and electricity, the cold negative principle, are stated to be the propelling principles of the universe, and these are combined together to bring about harmony and health. Too much of the cold principle in the human system brings about chills, paralysis, and chronic diseases—too much of the warm principle, fever, and inflammatory diseases. While sunlight, baths, food, clothing, the social relations, etc., are explained and commended, a strong magnetic hand is considered the most potent of all instruments for charging a feeble system with a new life power, and for equalizing imbalanced conditions. The directions are given for the practice of manipulation, and the treatment for one hundred different diseases, without drugs.—*Scientific American*, N. Y., April 25th.

WOMAN, LOVE AND MARRIAGE.—By Frederick Saunders. Author of "Salad for the Solitary." The *Philadelphia Press* says of it: "Mr. Saunders is well known as one of the most graceful and accomplished writers in the country. His style is peculiarly original, and is finished, and elegant to a high degree. Thackeray says it is best to love wisely, but to love foolishly is better than not to be able to love at all. A perusal of Mr. Saunders' admirable work will destroy a regent of the most confirmed old bachelors, and suggest to the ladies, that they insist upon their gentlemen acquaintances purchasing a copy, as they will be sure shortly afterward, of receiving as many offers of marriage as the most exalted beauty could demand." G. W. Carleton & Co., Publishers, New York. For sale at the office of this paper—price 75cts.

NEW YORK TRIBUNE, Extra, No. 45, contains a letter from Hyard Taylor on the recent discoveries of Dr. Schliemann on the site of ancient Troy. It is a more complete and intelligible account than has ever before been presented to the American reader. Following are six lectures on the Nerves, by Brown-Séquard, the highest American authority on the subject; four lectures on Astronomy by Proctor, and a lecture on the Germ Theory of Disease, by Prof. Chandler. This valuable pamphlet is sold for 20 cents. Address the Tribune, N. Y.

THE SANITARIAN for April reaches us late but is filled as usual with articles of vital importance. The cards are continued, and in full to be desired and sought for. A. N. Bell, M. D., editor, N. Y.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for May, completes the forty-eighth volume, and is crowded with peculiarly interesting matter, and is profusely and beautifully illustrated.

Married.

In Auburn, N. Y., March 25th, 1874, by Rev. J. H. Harter, Mr. JAMES McNEEL and Miss HENRIE D. DAVIS all of Auburn.

In Auburn, N. Y., April 1st, 1874, by Rev. J. H. Harter, Mr. JULIUS FRIEDEL and Miss CLARA E. HERRARD, all of Auburn.

In Auburn, N. Y., April 1st, 1874, by Rev. J. H. Harter, Mr. ADOLF BEIR and Miss ROSA SHEL, all of Auburn.

In Auburn, N. Y., April 9th, 1874, by Rev. J. H. Harter, Mr. EDWARD MILES and Miss SARANDORA WOOLNEDGE, all of Auburn.

Passed to Spirit Life.

Passed to the higher life, on the afternoon of March 28th, 1874, Mrs. IDA DALE HERRARD, of Longmont, Colorado.

She left a large circle of beloved friends to mourn her departure. But considering companionship and her family are among those who mourn without hope, being firm adherents to our angel faith and living gospel. A very large crowd convened to hear and witness the first spiritual services ever rendered in the place on a funeral occasion. The utmost interest was manifested in the words of the Rev. Mr. Wilcox, who said: "I am not from the cold, stern faith of the Orthodox creed, and many seemed to say—I am almost persuaded concerning the words, 'There is no death.' Mrs. H. departed at the age of 31, greatly beloved for her many virtues."

Passed to her home, in the beautiful Summer land, from Auburn, N. Y., which sad Mrs. J. H. H., the beloved companion of Henry B. Allen and eldest daughter of G. and E. Harriman, in the eighteenth year of her age. Her sufferings were severe, but the ties of maternal affection seemed to hold her to earth; long after her recovery seemed hopeless; but at last her weary spirit peacefully took its flight, leaving a sweet babe of only few weeks, to the care of her bereaved husband and friends.

She was a true, progressive Spiritualist, and deeply sympathized with her husband in his mediumistic labors. Her amiable disposition, courteous manners, and

modest deportment, won the love and esteem of all who knew her, but white husband and friends mourn her absence; they have the comforting assurance that she still lives, to love, and watch over them as a guardian angel and a ministering spirit.

K. R. B.

Passed to spirit life, from Delton, Bank Co., Wis., April 5th, A. D., 1874, JAMES GROUT, in the 61th year of his age.

He came to Delton from Vermont, some twenty years ago. Soon after his arrival here, he began to investigate Spiritualism, and became an open advocate of the same. He was a deep thinker and sound reasoner.

His funeral was held at Mason's Hall, on the 8th inst., where a large congregation assembled to hear the gospel according to J. D. Gano, a Spiritualist lecturer.

S. H. T.

Passed to the higher life, from her home in Buffalo, N. Y., in the 92th year of her age, ANNE S., wife of Oliver S. Garretson, and only daughter of Charles and Mary (Truitt) of Chelmsford.

Though young in years, she was a firm believer in our beautiful philosophy. She was lovely in her life, and her removal from earth will be mourned by a large circle of acquaintances.

M. H.

WANTED.

WANTED—AS PARTNER, A FIRST-CLASS HEALING Medium. Business already established for two years, on a clay-iron basis, in this city of over 60,000 inhabitants. Address: D. M. G. P. Box No. 13 West Fayette St., Syracuse, N. Y. v160711

WANTED—A FIRST-CLASS CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN as a partner in a Medical Institution, doing a good business, on a summer and winter. Must have \$2,000 to \$2,500 for investment. Address for particulars: P. O. Box 355 Ithaca, N. Y. v160715

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R. H. CURRAN & CO., 28 School Street, Boston, Mass., Publishers of THE ORPHAN'S RESCUE. LIVES MORNING AND EVENING. THE DAWNING LIGHT. These beautiful Steel-Plate Engravings being copies from JOSEPH JOHN'S GREAT PAINTINGS.

are sent by mail, postage paid, warranted above through satisfaction guaranteed. Address as above, sending in a registered letter, P. O. order or draft, at our risk. Descriptive circulars and map of Holy Land sent free on application. R. H. C. & CO. v160717

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BY RICHARD SOULE AND LOOMIS J. CAMPBELL.

Press Comments.

We wish several hundred thousand copies might be discovered with a view to little consultation.—*The Congregationalist*.
The correct pronunciation is indicated by an admirable system of phonetic spelling.—*The Harvard Advocate*.
It might be profitably used in schools as well as by private learners.—*Astorian Evening News*.
In the education of youth, we think it especially attention should be given to this collection of words.—*The Pilot*.
I should find my way into our schools, and be in daily use in our homes.—*Worcester Palladium*.
We venture the prediction that ninety-nine persons out of every hundred in any average community, who should look this list through, would be greatly surprised to find how many words they are mispronouncing every day.—*Vermont Phoenix*.

Price—60 cents; postage, 6 cents.

For sale wholesale and retail by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, Adams St., and Fifth Ave., Chicago.

CONJUGAL SINS

Against the Laws of Life and Health, and their Effects upon the Father, Mother, and Child. By AUGUSTUS K. GARDNER, A. M., M. D., Late Professor of Diseases of Females and Clinical Midwifery in the New York Medical College. Twentieth Thousand. Revised Edition, with a new Preface. Just Ready One vol., 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50; paper, \$1.00.

ENDORSEMENTS AND OPINIONS

From Rev. Dr. John Torrey, author of the "Student's Manual," etc., etc. "You have done well, and I shall every attempt to lift up or hold back poor humanity from evil most grievous. Were you to take all the reviews about 'Conjugal Sins' which might be made, your ears would give you under the wall."

"It is a sound earnest book, written with knowledge, purpose, and feeling."—*New York Tribune*.

"There is no topic properly within the range of the title that is not treated with competent authority and excellent discretion."—*N. Y. Herald*.

"The author's words are of great import, and deserve serious attention. They are, too, so delicately chosen, that they can give to the most fastidious."—*Congregationalist* (Boston).

"It is written in the best spirit, scientific and moral, and it ought to be read by both the sexes, and fathers and mothers."—*N. Y. Independent*.

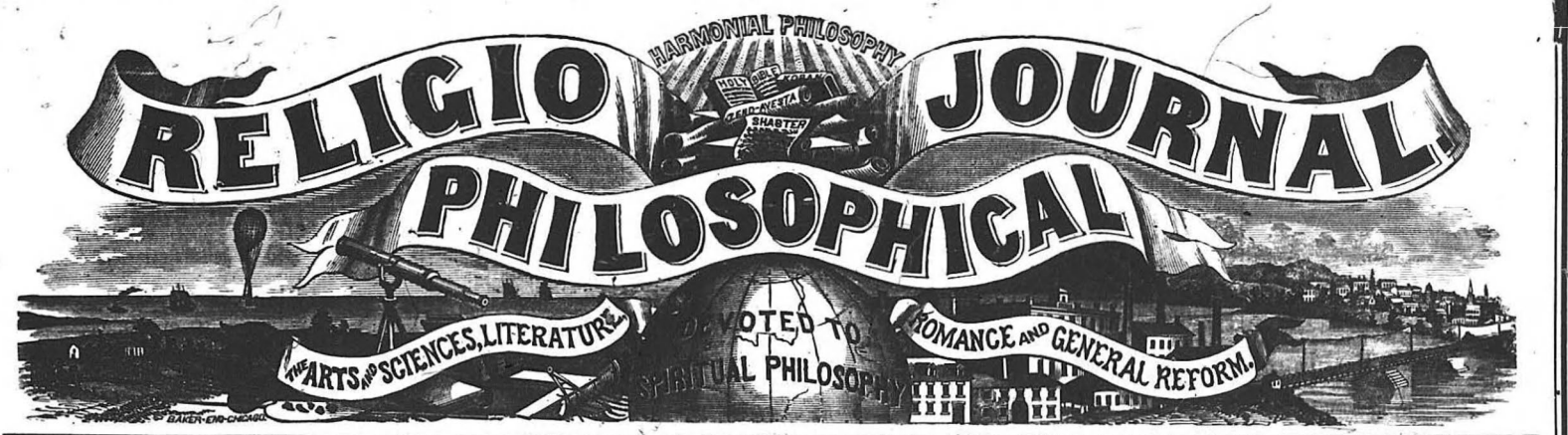
"It is elevated in tone, thorough and yet delicate in treatment."—*Home Journal*, N. Y.

"No parent will fail of reading every line in the book with the most absorbing interest. It is a book to womanhood."—*Hall's Journal of Health*.

"No one, young or old, should be without the important information it contains."—*Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper*.

Sent post paid on receipt of price by

G. J. MOULTON, Publisher, 100 FULTON STREET, NEW



STRANGER THAN FICTION.
One of the Most Startling Law Cases on Record.

The Spirit of the Dead Appears in Open Court, and Singles Out the Forger of a Will in His Name.

BRO. S. S. JONES.—The following narration lately appeared in the *Denver (Col.) Tribune*, and I have no doubt it is true in every particular.

Something over a fortnight since, a lady of striking beauty and commanding presence arrived at one of our principal hotels, by the Kansas Pacific Railroad, and at once made the personal acquaintance of the proprietor. She was accompanied by a young boy, whose bright and beaming countenance bespoke a rich and promising character. The first object the lady expressed herself as having in view was the selection and purchase of a comfortable, but retired, residence.

In due course of time, by aid of the hotel proprietor and one of our most eminent attorneys, a house was secured, and shortly afterward elegantly furnished with furniture brought by its occupant from the East.

Two colored servants—a man and wife—accompanied the lady to Denver, and her boy and a white female servant, completed the members of our new comer's Western household.

To particularize the other details of the daily life that followed would be as uninteresting as superfluous. It is sufficient for the readers of the *Tribune* to know that, in Denver, the lady, who had just got settled in what she thought and hoped to be a city devoid of even a single acquaintance, accidentally met on one street one of the oldest and dearest of her earliest friends.

And to this person—the writer of the present article—the marvelous tale that follows was told—the names, dates and details all being literal, and susceptible of instant proof.

In December, 1871, one Sylvester Sudler, a farmer worth \$150,000, and residing in Poplar Island Creek Neck, in the Second Election District of Queen Anne's county, Maryland (where he had a very large farm and a handsome residence), was taken very sick with pneumonia. On the 19th of January, 1872, he died.

In the interval, between December and January, Sylvester Sudler sent for his brother, Emory J. Sudler, a lawyer, living upon Kent Island (a part of Queen Anne's County, Maryland), and got him to write his will. The will was duly executed in the presence of three witnesses on the 13th of January, and delivered into the custody of Emory J. Sudler who was understood to be the executor.

On January 18th, 1872, Emory Sudler went home, and did not return to Poplar Island Creek Neck until the 21st of the same month, when summoned by his brother's funeral, which took place in Centerville, Maryland, the next day.

On the 23d of January, 1872, Emory J. Sudler, by request, read the will in the presence of two of the witnesses, Rev. John Fleming and Mrs. Hannah Edwards, and of the widow, Mrs. Mary Ann Sudler, and the only child of Sylvester Sudler, Emory J. Sudler, Jr., a boy of twelve years.

The will, after naming Emory J. Sudler Sr., sole executor, gave directions that the real estate should be sold, and \$500 paid to Mary Ann Sudler, while all the rest of the estate should become the property of the deceased's brother Emory J. Sudler, whom he recognized as his universal and only heir.

The widow and both of the witnesses present declared that the document read was not the will of Sylvester Sudler. The executor insisted that it was, and defied Mrs. Edwards and Rev. Mr. Fleming to deny their signatures. He said he could prove the will, and if it was disputed he could show the Court the reason why his brother Sylvester had made such a devise of his property. He gave notice, also, that he would on the next day apply to the Orphans' Court at Centerville for probate of the will.

This he did; but the widow appearing likewise, entered a caveat on her own part and as the next friend of her son, Emory Sudler, Jr.

not willing to deny that that was the document he had witnessed and his signature appended to it.

Dr. James Porter, the family physician testified that the decedent had repeatedly told him during his illness that he had left all his property to his wife and son.

On the other hand, Emory Sudler showed that none of the three witnesses disputed their signatures, and he demanded that the will be at once admitted to probate. He said his brother Sylvester had made statements in regard to his testamentary intentions at variance with his written copy of the form testified to by Mrs. Edwards and Rev. Mr. Fleming, at his brother's request, and for the purpose of deceiving. There was a reason for all this, but his brother had told him in confidence and he was reluctant to expose family secrets.

The widow was quite well aware of what he meant, but he would not publish it unless absolutely necessary to establish his rights or the Court compelled him.

The widow preposterously denied the caveator's insinuations, and defied him to reveal any family secret that would be damaging to any person besides himself.

The Court adjourned over for a week, holding the question under advisement.

When the Court next met it announced that Mr. Emory J. Sudler's further testimony was necessary to determine its action in regard to the probate.

Mr. Sudler accordingly testified that in a private interview with his brother Sylvester, preliminary to drawing the will, Sylvester told him that he had known that his wife was unchaste, had been unfaithful to him, and that the child, Emory J. Sudler, Jr., was a bastard. He knew this, but only by negro testimony. He was much older than his wife, and she controlled him. Still, in coming to die, he could not perpetrate a wrong, nor forget her infidelity, nor leave his property to illegitimate heirs. He accordingly dictated the will produced in Court, and to avoid recrimination (and so the witness swore) to keep from being poisoned, had at the same time got his brother to prepare the fictitious will of which mention had been made.

"Where is that will?" asked the Chief Judge.

Mr. Sudler produced it. In appearance it was a fac-simile of the executed will.

His Mary Ann Sudler repelled Mr. Emory J. Sudler's statement with hot indignation, and her counsel announced in Court that she would vindicate her reputation and punish her husband's brother for foul aspersions.

The Judge of the Orphans' Court, however, determined to ask the will to be presented by Emory J. Sudler to probate, and directed that gentleman to have his bonds ready for the next Court day.

The widow at once appealed, went into the Circuit Court and got an injunction, brought a civil suit against Emory J. Sudler for slander, and tried to have him indicted for slander and perjury both.

Now ensued a succession of legal proceedings of a very bewildering sort—the executor trying to force the matter to a settlement, and the widow's counsel resorting to all sorts of dilatory tactics.

On the 19th of January, 1873, however, one year precisely from the day of Sylvester Sudler's death, it was announced that the widow had actually discovered the will which she all along claimed that her husband had executed, and discovered it in the most singular, not to say miraculous manner.

Now there was a change in the spirit of proceedings. The caveators ceased their dilatory motions and pressed for trial, while the executor employed all the means in his power to secure the law's delay.

Fast November, 1873, however, the counsel on both sides came to an arrangement by which the issue might be definitely settled.

On March 9th (last month) the case was called, and all the parties were ready. Judge Wicks and Stump were present, and Chief Judge John M. Robinson came over from the Court of Appeals at Annapolis expressly to preside, so there was a full bench.

which was her writing. All she could swear to was the fact that she had only signed one; will. She gave further testimony to the facts recorded above, and then stood aside.

Rev. Mr. Fleming was the next witness. Carefully scrutinizing the two signatures the reverend gentleman declared that, viewing them separately and apart, he would not be able to decide which was his handwriting and which the forger's, but when they were side by side he had no hesitation.

"That is my handwriting," said he, touching one of the sheets, "and the other undoubtedly is not."

There was a marked sensation in Court when it was announced that the signature thus identified was that appended to the last discovered will.

Mr. Matthew Merritt next came to the stand. This witness had been over for the late Sylvester Sudler, and was now, Emory J. Sudler's employ. After a very brief inspection of the two signatures he positively identified one as his own, and it was found to be that subscribed to the will admitted to probate.

It was now the caveator's time to exult, but Mr. Pearce, of counsel for caveators, took the two wills, and after scrutinizing them carefully, suddenly held them up before Merritt's eyes.

"Now," he cried, "Now, Mr. confident witness, let me see if you know your signature so certainly?"

The witness hesitated, stammered, and showed confusion.

"Your honors," said Mr. Pearce, turning to the Court, "the confusion of the witness grows out of the fact that there is a private mark upon one of these wills, but I happen to have my thumb upon it just now. Mr. Merritt, will you tell the Court which is your signature?"

"I declare to gracious I don't know," Mr. Pearce, was Merritt's frank admission; "they are so much alike that I can't tell which from the other, and if I swore to both I'd be telling a lie."

"I don't feel sure about that," retorted Pearce quickly; "may be you wrote both."

The shot told. Merritt looked at Emory Sudler, grew red in the face, and said nothing.

"How came you to be so positive about it at first? Did you see that pencil mark in the margin?" persisted Pearce.

But Merritt, defied that he had seen any mark, and could make no commitment himself in any way.

On cross-examination he satisfactorily identified his signature to the first will several times.

Two more days were consumed in hearing "expert" testimony in regard to the handwriting of Sylvester and Emory J. Sudler and the three witnesses, the caveators endeavoring to prove that the will of 1873 was certainly in Emory J. Sudler's handwriting, and the signatures to the probated will forgeries, while the caveators, on the other hand, sought to show that the signatures to the will in his favor were genuine, while the will of 1873 was a forgery, both text and signature.

The testimony was so contradictory that neither party did much more than weary Judge and jury.

"The Court will say to its learned brothers," said Chief Justice Robinson at last, somewhat testily, "that with all due admiration for the ingenuity of counsel, this issue must be a question of fact, and however much you may attempt to puzzle the jury, they are to determine the case by what is. Can you not give us the facts about the discovery of these wills? Let us get a great way towards settling the question of their genuineness?"

"I quite agree with your honor," said Mr. Mackline, of the counsel for Mrs. Sudler and child, "and I hope you will compel the other side to show a rational story for their so-called wills if they can. Call Betsy Jackson."

The witness, a portly colored woman, took the stand, and testified she was chambermaid in Mr. Sylvester Sudler's house at the time of his death.

"What room did Mr. Emory J. Sudler occupy when he was there?"

"The blue room."

"Describe that room."

The woman gave a sort of description of a country house chamber, with blue curtains to the windows, a blue and red carpet on the floor, a high-top, mahogany bedstead, and a writing-table, etc.

convey the information that she had lived across the creek from Mr. Sylvester Sudler; that her only Kite caught oysters, and she shucked and sold them for a living. Her boy Kite wasn't exactly right, but wouldn't tell a lie. He was eighteen years old, but had no schooling. She was troubled on account of his saying several times he seen old Mr. Sudler's spirit.

So she up and asked Mr. John Fleming to see the boy and pray with him. She heard prayin' was a good cure for spirit-seeing.

"What do you mean by Mr. Sudler's spirit?" said Mr. Pearce.

"I mean sear," his ghost like arter he's dead."

"Has Kite seen Mr. Sudler since his death?"

"He says he has many times, and Kite wouldn't tell a lie for nothink."

"Did Kite ever go to Mr. Sudler's house while the old gentleman was alive?"

"Sometimes—look oysters there to sell."

"Was he ever up stairs in the house, do you know?"

"Who? Kite? Bless you, he never went nowhere but to the kitchen, never!"

"Call Kite Stinson," said Mr. Pearce, and the Court-room was agog with excitement as the ghost-seer came to the stand.

He was tall, bony youth, with long arms and a decided stoop. His hair was faded yellow, his eyes pale and blue and staring, and his shins and feet fresh and red.

After a little sparring among the lawyers as to his competency, Kite was sworn. He stood with his great bony hands resting on the crier's desk, his wrists half a yard below the sleeves of his threadbare linsey jacket—a very odd-looking, unsophisticated fellow. He had got toward evening, and the Court-room was growing dusky, but the eager silence that prevailed made the scene impressive.

"That's a very strange story you told Parson Fleming, Kite?"

"Tain't the least bit of a story about it, sir, but all true as preachin'!" insisted Kite.

"I've seed the old gentleman nigh on to a dozen times."

"Seen who?"

"Old Mr. Sudler; him what's gone."

"Seen him when?"

"Since his death."

"Seen him where?"

"No end o' places. Out fishin', in the bow of my cunner (canoe), nights when I was goin' to sleep, daytime at work. Lor', a dozen and more."

"Did you ever touch him?"

"Never but onst; that was the time I telled Parson Fleming about."

"Well, suppose you tell these gentlemen about it, Kite."

in the case was given to the jury, who already agreed upon their verdict from the testimony of Kite Stinson's dramatic testimony, and the opportunity appearance of 'the ghost' in the Court-room.

Such is a plain but veritable report of one of the most remarkable cases on record. The testimony of Kite was given in the afternoon of the 16th of last month—March—and Mrs. Sudler was shortly afterwards placed in undisturbed possession of all her husband's property, besides being overwhelmed with congratulations for days after the tragical termination of her suit. After securing her property, her first act was to make a most generous provision for both "Kite" Stinson and his mother. And the lady who arrived in Denver a fortnight since, in search of "a retired residence," and who has since concluded to make her permanent home in our city, is none other than the veritable Mary Ann Sudler, whose recent vindication once again verifies the incisive and significant utterance of Hamlet—There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio, Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

The Other Side.

BY ALBION DEWITT.

We want no fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
No such arrangement ever can
Wash out our guilty stains.

We want no lamb for sinners slain,
No God for us to die;
We can not by another's pain,
Ascend to realms on high.

We want no angry God of strife,
No great revengful foe,
Who plans to take his own son's life,
And let the sinner go.

We want no hell of burning fire,
To cast the sinner in;
We want to raise the fallen higher,
And cleanse the earth from sin.

We want to let our every song,
Be sung with Godly might,
And extirpate all human wrong,
And raise the cause of right.

We want to meet these angels fair,
Beyond the silent grave,
Where ever watching, waiting there,
To bless, uplift and save.

Unwisely Settled.

It has been a serious question for the Constitutional Convention, to decide whether women should be allowed to hold office under the school laws. It seems to us that the wisdom of inserting such a clause in the state constitution can not be questioned. Women are peculiarly qualified to assist in the management of our schools. A very large proportion of the school teachers in Ohio are women. "The men are put in just to establish their title," said one of the Cleveland *Herald*. But the Convention has most unwisely decided that women shall not be eligible to any of the offices created by the school laws. We quote from the *Herald* as follows: "An habitual drunkard, a man who can not write his own name, a coarse bully, a man utterly opposed to the common school system—all these are eligible to seats in a Board of Education, all these have sat in Boards of Education of first class cities of this State; and undoubtedly will continue to be found in the Boards of one or the other of our cities. But the most refined woman in the State, the most thoroughly educated, the most competent to deal with educational matters, and the most zealous advocate of the public school system, has the Board-room door slammed in her face solely because she is a woman, and the Constitutional Convention has sanctioned and perpetuated the outrage."

It is some consolation to know that this move in the right direction was defeated by only four votes. The declaration of "the conservative" paper as the *Herald*, that "the exclusion of intelligent women from School Boards, when our school-rooms are almost exclusively filled with women teachers, is an absurdity," denotes a healthy progress in public opinion.

If women are capable of making such competent and efficient school directors and members of Boards of Education, can they not fill other offices just as acceptably?

Auburn, Ohio. GEO. W. WILSON.

FUTURE POSSIBILITIES.—The science of phrenology is no myth. It directs our thoughts onward and upward in this progressive age. I firmly believe that the time is not far distant when the telegraphic system will be superseded by the science of thought. Correspondence by letter will shortly be unknown. Friends, though hundreds of miles apart, can then communicate with each other through the medium of thought. Then it will be impossible to deceive. Witnesses can not impose on judges or juries. In fact there will be no need of juries. The judges will read the prisoner's thoughts, and determine his guilt or innocence. So will everybody else. The criminal will know beforehand that his "sin will find him out." A guilty conscience will then need no seer. His punishment will consist in his being effectually banished from the presence of the society in which he moves. Mankind will become extremely sensitive. Public censure will be unendurable, and suicides will decrease. Crime will cease, and then the millennium.—*Phrenological Journal*.

Boys, etc., on the Social Question, will be published in this department, if deemed worthy, and in the order received from contributors.

The Question Clearly Stated.

ED. JOURNAL.—The following letter in reply to a lady who has embraced the ideas of Mrs. Woodhull, contains some excellent sentiments. I think it would be well to give them wide circulation. It was written by a friend of mine who placed it at my disposal. Though I am not a subscriber to your paper, I feel a deep interest in its prosperity, and hope you will judge the letter worthy of publication.

Mrs. Woodhull, I cannot see with your eyes. Social freedom, as I see it, does not meet with the approbation of my best judgment; yet what I see may be a very different thing from what you see, and I am not disposed to be dogmatic. The future can only demonstrate which of us is nearest right. It is unfortunately the truth that, among men, and women, and after marriage do "let up." I have seen many a lady that were not honest. Now what is the matter? Is it our marriage laws that are at fault? Rather does not the blame lie against poor human nature—want of a proper education, and mostly to a large back brain—too much animal? Is it possible the evil can be cured and men and women become all they should be by promiscuous use of their lower animal natures? Rather is not the remedy to be found in the culture of the higher and spiritual? Oh! no, promiscuous, say you, but variety. Well, is not that twin sister? Are you not driven, in defense of all that is dear to society, family and country, to monogamy?

We should love our companions—if we are not honest the law should be so constructed that he or she who proves they are not honest, should reap a proper penalty and the one deceived be free. This is what our laws profess to do now, but we know they are sadly deficient. Should there not be proper guards? Are not our carnal desires the "food grates," and should they not be shut down rather than opened? Must my child know man sexually before she can determine justly and truly whether she loves him or not,—is that the way to make a man respect and love a companion? Is this an improvement in our social relations, to allow a man to go dipping about in this manner, until he has found one that seems to suit in every respect? In my opinion it cannot be risked in this age of the world. When we are all properly educated and our spiritual natures have sway over our animal, then will we have the key that will unlock the secrets, that will make man and woman true to each other and treat each other justly; not because they fear "the other may leave," but because our souls recognize the truth—"Let justice be done though the heavens fall."

I cannot see that doing away with our marriage laws entirely, would help us out of our troubles socially, but would be decidedly "out of the frying-pan into the fire." I fear the tyrannical, dishonest man would be the same brute, the scolding and vain-souled woman would be the same foolish thing, even though hobnobbing with men and there were no more of this or that. There must be something better, more adhesive than this or more poor souls than now, would go down to hell, and fewer than now even go up to heaven.

I greatly fear it would not benefit the present generation, nor make arrangements to place them a great deal nearer happiness. It may be that we shall grow to understand these things, or what freedom is; but it seems to me the true philosophy is to look at society and human nature just as we find it, and adapt our remedies to the evils we see. We are not working a little too low down? Can we not better serve humanity by coming up higher in the spiritual regions? Are not many of us sick, very sick, and will not coming up higher, even doing entirely without the lower that, by acknowledgment, can be, and have been, so much abused, be the best cure? I have seen, the less I exercise the lower, and the more I exercise the higher and spiritual, the more healthy and happier I am. Is it not a general rule that will work well with all? Will not the husband be better pleased with his wife, and join with her in the reading of the best poems with a higher relish? And is it not that we love best that which does not belong to us, or abuse what we do own? Are you not talking of some mispraved wretch, whose lower instincts will not let him be higher, but prominence? That there are such brutes, both men and women, in the land is too true, but that is the rule? Is it not rather the exception? Is not humanity after all better than we give it credit for? If you say so, let us out of our trouble, but to come up out of the lower to the higher? But do we appreciate best, really and truly love best, that which does not belong to us? Think, my good woman. Does not the month after marriage bring more true happiness to the truly married, than the month previous? Does the thought that both belong now to each other lessen their happiness? Is it not when they discover that they are not angels; that perhaps they have mutually deceived each other, when the realities of life begin to press upon them, and they are found wanting in true manhood and womanhood, is it not thus that unhappiness comes in? Can you charge this want of manhood and womanhood to the marriage laws, or because they belong to each other. Is the happiness of that bright-eyed child lessened because she can look up into her mother's eyes and say, "You are my mother, are you not?" or to that manly father and say, "Pa, I belong to you, do I not? I am glad I do, for I know that you will take care of me." Oh! tell me, is that quiet happy life, so joyous less because they, one and all, belong to each other, and no rude stranger's hand can come down heavy upon them? Is this house that I made with my own hands and furnished with long toil—the garden planned by my wife and children, these trees now tower toward heaven, casting their cool shadows over the yard where we all rest when the toils of the day are over, of less value—do we love them less because they belong to us? Let the great soul begin to answer, or let me answer for you and I have passed from earth to Spirit-land, and others have taken our places. God held us, and keeps us so purely, that when we all meet face to face in that land of light, we will not blush to take each other by the hand and help each other up higher, and higher still.

Letter from Lyman C. Howe.

Bro. Jones—In my weakness I often shrink with sorrow from the conflict now raging, which seems to me to be a political war. I love discussion when candor rules and truth is the only aim. I avoid it when love of victory and partisan feeling leads and inspire all. But when that spirit prevails among radical agitators, it is but nature that the reaction should show the same. I have hoped and prayed that "this cup might pass," and our great brotherhood and sisterhood led on by higher hosts and ruled by exalted motives, would feel out the right and only brighter faith and deeper devotion by the great and true friction, and aid each other to see more clearly the law of life and purity, and unitedly stand against the time-honored errors of the past and present. Oh! I have loved and trusted

humanity, and I am stronger in that trust today, than ever before! But we can only hold our trust by sacred contact with the divine which ever throbs in human pulses, beneath the wild waves of passion, and its silent voice charms away every fear. With fingers to this holy pulse, and heart attuned to the song of universal love, I would meet question and fearlessly add my quota of thought and sentiment to the side of purity. I would not insinuate that all or even a majority of those who sustain this movement, called "free love" or Woodhullism, are bad or sensual; nor would I judge any in that sense, only as their own public confessions volunteer the facts; nor would I judge the motives of even these! But we must judge the inevitable bearings—and moral significance of such doctrines and practices. We would not forget, however, that we are all human, and that wrong reacts so forcibly on its direct projector.

I have never attended a National Convention of Spiritualists, but I always felt kindly and hopefully toward them. Organization is necessary, and some day it must be successfully ours. These false beginnings are the prelude of final success, and the longer we defer with trial efforts and partial failures as educational means and personal discipline, the more enduring will be the final structure that is sure to come.

The organization is evidently dead or translated! It cannot even pretend to be a Spiritual Society longer. Now I claim to be a radical. All truth is radical; but true radicalism conserves the truth and routs out the false. I believe, too, that all questions relating to man and his relations to his fellow-men or remotely to Spirit-land, I believe in human rights; in freedom in its highest and broadest sense, and that freedom, too, is applicable to all relations of life! But what is freedom? Is it obedience to impulse and blind passion? Is it anarchy, an abandonment of reason and moral sense to fleshly lust? Whoever allows moral judgment to abdicate, and reason to wait on passion, thus subordinating the higher and perverting the lower functions of the brain, is a slave.

As I read, Mrs. Woodhull insists that all who have lapses for once or more into false indulgence, are committed to her theories in practice, and are hypocrites; and further, that all who oppose her do so through fear of losing their opportunities, and that we are all hypocrites and cowards. If we dare to oppose her or any part of her theories.

If she has ever said anything to put her under the ban of suspicion, this estimate of her opposers is the strongest index of her own motives. With what judgment you mete out shall be measured your own freedom. I was a silent member at the late Convention and been guilty of practicing all that she charges upon the hypocrites, the threat against those who should dare to oppose her, would have brought me to an open rebellion and posture of defiance. With freedom, a free platform, free speech, and free love, coercing, or attempting to coerce, members to vote and speak under the rule of terror and the reign of wrath, held up in threatening thunder by the apostle of freedom, the president of a Spiritualist free love association? Will freedom, free love, have not some share of it? Is Mrs. Woodhull exempt? By no means. Nor is there a free-lover in the world that is. You will see that while I love humanity and liberty, I can not support tyranny, even though it come in the name of freedom.

Fredonia, N. Y.

Joined to His Idols.

Bro. Jones—I was about to ask for information concerning E. V. Wilson, whether he was dead, lost, strayed or stolen? But as no obituary appeared, I concluded that he was not dead. Finally, news comes of him in the JOURNAL, though I can not determine whether he is lost, strayed or stolen. Wonder if he knows how it is himself? I think he is about in the condition of the countryman who went to town with a horse and cart, and got drunk. While he was lying insensible, some one unhitched and led off his horse. When he came to himself and looked around, he concluded that one of two things had happened. He had either lost a horse or stolen a cart; and E. V. has certainly lost a horse; if he has not stolen a cart. If he has gone into the scavenger business, it is well he has retained the cart. For my part I can't see the use of going into the mire to raise humanity or in so doing, there is serious danger of becoming swamped with the rest. But the plan of the Socialists seems to be the old allopathic method, "salvate society below the disease, and raise the diseased man," which is about as logical as burning a barn to get rid of a weasel.

Abolishing the marriage laws in the present state of development would be like turning a herd of swine into a corn-field, and expecting them to eat. When man has been developed to such a degree of perfection as to make laws which shall be perfect, then we may dispense with law; and, if these social freedom thinkers, have been up there, methinks they had far better remained and tried to elevate the people above law, than to undertake to improve matters by abolishing all law and dragging mankind down to the lowest level.

Think of their being led up by Moses, with no stimulus but his elixir of life! No! I don't believe in salvation as a cure.

I am anxious to see appear in the dear old JOURNAL, occupied with these articles, but I wish to see Spiritualism unloaded of all such material burdens and trash as have been heaped upon it, and reduced to its pure and undefiled self-cheering and soul-elevating mission. The fact that the spirit of man, in its returns, and communicates with mortals, is Spiritualism, a science, and when understood as such, it has the tendency to repel, and not attract, the material, and it will free itself, even if it cost a Wilson.

D. C. HALL.

HYMN OF THE JATTLE.

BY THOMAS L. HARRIS.
Can ye lengthen the hours of the dying night,
Or chain the wings of the Morning Light?
Can ye seal the springs of the Ocean deep,
Or bind the Thunders in silent sleep?
The Sun that rises, the Sea that flows,
The Thunders of Heaven, all answer, "No!"

Can ye drive young Spring from the blossomed earth?
The earthquake still in its awful birth?
Will the hands on Time's dial backward fleet?
Or the pulse of the Universe pause for thee?
The shaken mountain, the flowers that blow,
The pulse of the Universe, answer, "No!"

Can ye burn a Truth in the Martyr's fire?
Or chain a Thought in the dungeon dire?
Or stay the Soul, when it soars away
In glorious life from the moulding clay?
The Truth that lived, the Thought that died,
The Spirit ascending, all answer, "No!"

Drillon's Quarterly.

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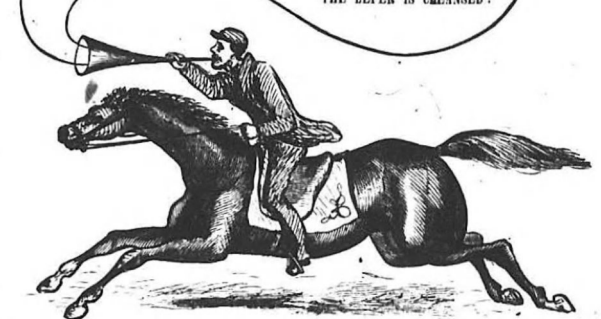
GREAT EXCITEMENT

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THE LAME WALK!

THE LEPER IS CLEANS!



JEFFERSON MILLS, N. H. March 31, 1873.—PROF. PATTON SPENCE:

DEAR SIR—YOUR POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWERS are creating a great excitement here. It can truly be said, in my own person, that the Blind see, the Lame walk, and the Leper is cleansed. I had the Leprosy for thirty years in my legs, arms, head, and nearly all my body. After taking your Positive Powders about four days I showed up my sleeve to show my arm looked, and to my utter astonishment the scale would come off easily and leave all smooth; and now my arms are clean. The Catarrh in my head is arrested. They cured my lungs, that were tired up with Phlegm and Cough. The Rheumatism in my muscles commenced many years ago, and by degrees extended all over me, so that I could not raise my right arm to my head, or rest on my feet. I can now bow down to my knees, and I could not do so till then. The difficulty got off any way. I now travel quite easily. By overdoing last fall, I brought on a Pain in the Neck, and it would beat a few beats and then stop and start again, and I could not do so till then. I was so that I could not know a person in the same room. Now I can read the large words in your Circular; yet I took only two boxes of Negative. On Thursday I called on Mr. Bowles, who had been sick about two years and his wife was sick from taking opium. Her limbs were swollen to her body. She could not do anything or go about the house. I could not prevail on him to use the Powders. On my way there I met Mr. Woodward, who is acquainted with the Powders, having used them and seen their good effect. I let him have a Box. He went to Mr. Bowles that night, and after much persuasion got Mr. Bowles to take one of the Powders. Last night my neighbor came in and said he had news for me—namely, that he was at Mr. Bowles' in the morning, and saw Mrs. Bowles out on the piazza at work. He was greatly surprised, on inquiry she said she took one of Spence's Positive Powders the night before; it opened all her pain, and she slept like a pig. He said he never saw two persons so elated in his life. Please send me six Dozen more boxes. Yours truly,

A. H. KNIGHT.

WHAT DOCTORS SAY.

In the course of a large experience with the Positive and Negative Powders, I have found them almost infallible in all acute diseases, particularly Fevers of all kinds, such as the Billious Inflammation, Typhoid, Congestion of the Lungs, Scarlet Fever, etc. I have also found them infallible in Hoax Complaints and Nervous Headache. I have also proved the Oldest recommendation to be made of the Positive Powders (according to Rule the tenth) to be magical in its effects on all kinds of Sores and Erysipelas.

DR. W. E. JENKINS, formerly of North Adams, now of Andover, Mass.

One box of your Positive Powders cured David Willington of a pain in his stomach of 8 years' standing. Mrs. E. Cladin was cured by the Negative Powders of Numbness, or Palsy, of 15 years' duration. The Powders cured Mrs. E. Cladin of Neuralgia. They also cured a lady of Painful Menstruation when given up as a case. In cases of Perforation (child-birth), I consider them of great value.

DR. JULIA WILLIAMS, Practical Midwife, New Brunswick, N. J.

I myself have been afflicted with Rheumatism and Heart Disease for three years during which time I have not been able to labor. I have taken two boxes and a half of your Positive Powders. My Rheumatism is gone and the Heart Disease much relieved.

DR. A. J. CORREY, Great Bend, Pa.

I think there is no medicine in the world like the Positive and Negative Powders.

MRS. DR. GARRISON, New York, N. Y.

In Ague and Chills I consider them unequalled.

J. P. WAX, M.D., Belmont, Ill.

Your Positive and Negative Powders seem to be quite a mystery—no marked action—yet they cure. I have some patients who can't live without them, as nothing else has ever benefited them.

O. D. E. KIRK, M.D., Fern Springs, Miss.

They are peculiarly adapted to the female constitution.

DR. L. HAKES, Orem, N. Y.

Consumption,

SCROFULA AND CATARRH

Cured.

Jane Worley was cured of Scrofula of 15 years standing with 4 Boxes of your Positive Powders, in three weeks, having had five Doctors before. Her arms were swollen, and in running sores; in fact, it was all over her body.—(MARTIN WORLEY, New Petersburg, Va.)

Four Boxes of Positive Powders have cured a little girl of a very bad case of Scrofula.—(G. M. MALL, Fayetteville, N. Y.)

The daughter of Henry R. Lepper was afflicted with Scrofula of the face for several years. Much of the time she could not bear the light, and had to be shut up in a dark room. She had taken 5 Boxes of your Positive Powders, but eyes, to all appearance, were well, and had remained so.—(ROBERT THOMAS, Orem, Utah.)

I had running Scrofulous sores on my face for 5 years, and could get no cure. I tried all the medicines I could get, but no cure or help until I took your Positive Powders. I am now about well.—(J. W. HALL, New Haven, Conn.)

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1874.

The Dark Side of Life, or What is Evil?

NUMBER EIGHT.

The *Index* gives an account of the sad termination of the earthly career of Nellie Weeman, a sewing girl in the family of Judge Smith, of Springfield, Mass., and who committed suicide by taking chloroform.

The poor girl seems to have had an excellent character, and to have been driven to the desperate deed by persistent unkindness in her own home, to escape which she had sought service abroad. She had joined the Baptist Church, and tried with poor success to get comfort and strength out of her religion.

Now for the saddest part of this sad story. A correspondent in Springfield adds: When a poor, unfortunate girl, driven from her home amongst strangers, and feeling as if she had no one to care for her or love her, told the Judge in whose family she worked that she had a terrible load upon her, this same Judge related the fact at an evening prayer-meeting, telling the audience how troubled one of his family was, and saying that God had probably placed this load upon her to try her. At this one of the good brothers cried out, "Bless God for the load!" and hoped they would all pray to have the load put on heavier. That same night the poor girl made away with herself, all for the want of kindness and a little human nature.

Peter was hung at Joliet, and Rafferty at Waukegan, Illinois, for murder, for coolly and deliberately taking the life of a human being. With pistol and razor the bloody deeds were accomplished, and the law and the judgment of humanity pronounced them murderers. Poor Nellie Weeman was suffering terribly in mind, and church members animated with the spirit of intolerance and a blind sense of duty, with their vociferous prayers, clapping of hands, and other noisy demonstrations, increased her troubles until they drove her to commit suicide. On the heads of those church members rest the stain of murder, so dark, so damning, so dreadful in appearance, that no blood of Jesus can ever erase it. They are as guilty of murder as Peter, who cruelly took the life of his wife, and if it was right to hang him, for whose crime there were, perhaps, palliating circumstances, justice would demand that each of those church members who desired to increase the load of Nellie's troubles should be strung up by the neck until dead, dead, dead! Guilty of murder, overshadowed with the stains of their crime and the stigma attached thereto, they should try to eradicate the effects of the same by a life devoted to philanthropic purposes.

Even connected with religion there are crimes that make one shudder to contemplate, and we wonder why it is that there is not a single oasis on this earth of ours, that one can traverse and only inhale the divine fragrance of love, truth, purity and justice. On all sides the ponderous wheels of creation move grandly forward, grinding out the elements of discord, strife and ruin.

Murder, rapine, robbery—in fact all grades of crime, are hourly committed. None are perfectly happy; many are perfectly miserable. The wheels of creation seem like a mighty juggernaut, as they move along grinding out earthquakes, tornadoes, inundations, volcanic eruptions, epidemics and famines. The cry of distress, the tender appeals of the starving, the moans and sighs of the sorrowing ones do not cause them to hesitate in their destructive march, or to produce different results. Like a huge monster, they move irresistibly forward. You may crush beneath your feet the struggling insect and so pity arise within you for the pain you cause; nor does the Engineer of Creation seem to care for the pains and sorrows which his flaming, his cyclones, his epidemics, his earthquakes, and his disasters cause.

Look at New York City, for example. The number of lodgers in the New York Police Stations give some idea of the deplorable misery of the homeless, unemployed and suffering poor of that city during the last winter. In the week ending January 9th, the number

of lodgers registered was 5,557 males and 1,611 females. In the succeeding week, ending January 16th, there were 5,498 males and 1,593 females—a total of 7,028 persons driven by poverty to seek shelter from cold in the wretched accommodations of Station-house "lodgers' rooms." In addition to these, several thousands have been cared for nightly at the various "refuges" afforded by private benevolence.

The New York Sun thus describes the shelters so eagerly sought by the homeless poor:

"The lodging rooms into which entrance is so eagerly sought are entirely unfurnished, have a low, bare wooden platform. On this the lodgers recline, if possible, sit up, if not so closely crowded together that any change of position is an impossibility. In the Thirty-seventh street station, on nights of extraordinary rigor, as many as 107 poor creatures breathe the foetid atmosphere of those poisonous receptacles of the destitute. The lodgers entertain such an incorrigible dread of cold that it is beyond the ability of the sergeants or doormen to keep any of the windows open. In addition to more than 100 pairs of lungs expiring carbon, several flaming gas jets add in the work of exhausting the oxygen of the air.

Why, we may well ask, all this suffering? Are there two sides to life—one bright and the other dark? Can creation with its ceaseless operations be partially right and partially wrong; partially good and partially evil; partially harmonious and partially discordant? Can there be two sides to life—one dark, damning, wretched, hateful,—full of thorns to sting the body, and glass to cut the feet, while poverty, wretched poverty, destroys the noblest aspirations of the human soul?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Crusaders.

We really exult in the herculean efforts being put forth by the ladies of the various States to annihilate King Alcohol. A King he is, and a ruthless one too, devoid of all humanitarian feelings. King Satan, the original antagonist of God, is an animated example of unequalled endurance, for the denunciations of thousands of priests and the prayers of all christendom, have not succeeded in annihilating him, but he is to-day more numerous than ever—he is precisely like the favorite cat of the domestic hearth. A little girl came running to her papa one day saying, "I do declare, pa, somebody has broken kitty all to pieces"—an examination disclosing the startling fact that several kittens had been added to the family. King Satan, the cloven footed one, has been broken all to pieces through the instrumentality of sermons and prayers, and to-day he is very numerous all over the country. The prayer against King Alcohol, we hope will not have such a disastrous result, and add to the number of saloons. Now, the Bible contains many accounts where prayers were answered. True, we were not there, and can not vouch for the correctness of the statements, and neither believe or disbelieve. For the encouragement of those engaged in the efforts to dethrone King Alcohol, we would say that Abraham's servant prays—Rebecca appears. Jacob prays—the angel is conquered; Esau's revenge is changed to fraternal love. Joseph prays—he is delivered from the Egypt. Moses prays—Amalek is discomfited; Israel triumphs. Hannah prays—the prophet Samuel is born. Joshua prays—the sun stands still; victory is gained. David prays—Ahitophel goes out and hangs himself. Aas prays—Israel gains a glorious victory. Jehoshaphat prays—God turns away his anger, and smiles. Elijah prays—the little cloud appears; the rain descends upon the earth. Elisha prays—the waters of the Jordan are divided; a child is restored to life. Isahiah prays—one hundred and eighty-four thousands Assyrians are dead. Hezekiah prays—the sun dial is turned back; his life is prolonged. Mordecai prays—Haman is hanged; Israel is free. Nehemiah prays—the king's heart is softened in a minute. Ezra prays—the walls of Jerusalem begin to rise. The Church prays—Peter is delivered by an angel. Paul and Silas pray—the prison shakes; the doors open, every man's bonds are loosed.

If all of those prayers were answered as asserted, we see no good reason why those who are engaged in suppressing the damnable traffic of intemperance through solemn petition to God, should not meet with success. We know of one instance where prayer was successful. It had a crushing effect; before its influence the noble form of one of earth's purest sons was struck down in the morning of his glory and usefulness. The Orthodox ministers of Boston hated Theodore Parker, and untidily they prayed that he might be thwarted in his promulgation of what they called pernicious doctrine, and centering on him the magnetism of their hate, as manifested in prayer, he became sick and died. We have no doubt the prayers of Christians, earnest sincere Christians, actuated by hate, crushed that moral reformer and sent him to a premature grave. Now, if the prayers of Christians can have a diabolical influence, as they did in this case, we have reason to believe that when directed in the animated spirit of love to alleviate the suffering ones of earth, or to banish intemperance, they will have ten fold more potency.

In this struggle of those who represent God on one side, and those intimately allied to Satan on the other, our wishes are with the former. We desire to see temperance animate every heart, and diffuse throughout all christendom a healthful influence. We wish to see wine banished from bar-rooms, low brothels, palatial residences, and particularly from communion tables. We love all mankind, but we do wish that wine drunk at the communion table would cause great pain below the stomach of every minister who par-

takes of it. We heartily wish, too, that the pain might be as much worse than the cholera morbus, as a common mind can imagine; indeed we would like to see it double up every minister in the form of a hoop snake, and then tie him in a double twisted knot, there to remain forty-eight hours. We have affection for everybody, and our nature is amiable, but those who guzzle wine at the communion table, thereby mixing superstition and bad liquor together, should at once be attacked by severe pains.

We have no sympathy for wine-communion-guzzlers, and we consider it more respectable and genteel to imbibe poison in a grocery, than to invent one's person in a clerical garb, and sip poison in the name of God.

We wish the crusaders abundant success. We heartily endorse the movement, and hope that all the bright, pure messengers of heaven, will contribute their aid to suppress this most inhuman and damnable traffic that ever cursed a people.

How to Develop Mediums.

The inquiry is often made, how can I become developed as a medium?

There are many phases of mediumship. Some individuals pass from one phase to another very rapidly; others continue a long time as mediums for some particular phase, without any apparent, or very little change.

A majority of the people are mediumistic, and can be readily developed to some useful phase of mediumship.

The question is, how can it be done? There are various means by which it is readily accomplished. If there is already a well developed medium that can be procured to sit with the circle, where all desire to become mediums, it should be done; if not, go to work in earnest without such aid.

Let a few earnest souls, if such can be found, join in a resolve to sit regularly twice at least a week, not more than six persons, unless a greater number can be relied upon as sincere seekers for truth.

One person alone can become developed, if the same rules are observed as are required where several sit for development.

While a circle of about equal numbers of each sex is preferable, it is by no means absolutely necessary.

Let a room be selected that is secluded from all disturbing noises, and one that can be rendered totally dark, if desirable.

Let the seekers for truth convene at regular hours and days, and under no circumstances allow the mind to be absorbed in business foreign to the object of development. Let serenity of feeling and love of truth, mingled with kind feelings toward all the world, hold supreme control during the hours of sitting.

It is well to form a circle around a light table with the palm of the hands resting flat upon the table leaf. Lower the lights so as to make a very soft mellow light, only. Have writing paper and pencils ready before each person, so that if an inclination is manifested to use them, it can be readily done without breaking the circle.

Good singing aids much in harmonizing the circle and making each person negative, and comparatively thoughtless of all but the words sung, and the musical tones of the voices. Music from a good music box is better than no music, but the magnetic effect of good live tunes and expressive words, are far preferable.

Some one will soon feel an irresistible desire to move a hand, speak, write or spit the table with the palm of the hands. Raps may be heard; the table may tip or some other demonstration may be witnessed, or some one may be entranced and speak.

Have no fear of consequences, whatever it may be, and under no circumstances resist the influence. Yield to the influence cheerfully, with a sincere faith that your spirit friends will allow no harm, nor anything to be done which is improper.

The first demonstrations being imperfect, the spirit control is often very eccentric.

Hence we have advised that in forming circles, none should be admitted but such as have a sincere desire for truth.

When spirit communion is once established, no matter by what means the intelligence is manifested, questions are in order, and the spirits will give such directions as necessary in conducting the developing circles thereafter. Such directions as they give should be followed.

If any one feels disposed to raise objections and thereby create disharmony, it is better to close the circle at once, than to sit there with unbecomingly feelings, and not attempt to come together again until all such feelings are entirely subdued. Harmony is absolutely necessary for spirit communion.

This is but a meager outline of directions for forming spirit circles for developing mediums, and yet it will serve a good purpose, with thousands who have no knowledge upon the subject.

Bastian and Taylor.

These mediums have returned from their trip South, and are holding both dark and cabinet seances at our seance rooms, every evening except Saturday.

Those who have not witnessed their wonderful materializations, as well as those who have, and wish to again, had better avail themselves of the present opportunity, as the mediums will leave for England on an extended tour through Europe, about the first of June.

War in the Woodhull Camp.

Address the former Associate Editor of the *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly*, for a copy of the *Exposé*, enclosing ten cents. Joseph Treat, Post Office Box 1935, New York City.

Beecher on Organized Christianity

Mr. Beecher is evidently a candidate for martyrdom, if there is any one courageous enough to pile the fagots and apply the torch. In his last sermon, he essayed to show why Christianity had made such slow progress, basing his arguments upon the fact that Christ was not master of a system, that he organized no sects, and never wrote anything, and that the secret of his power was owing to the fact that it was the power of a higher type of manhood than had ever been seen in the world before. In this connection, Mr. Beecher said:

Church organizations have exerted great power in the world, but I don't think that you will find that they have exerted as much influence for good as for harm. Organized Christianity has been the poorest part of religion. It would have sunk long ago if there had been no other power. It has not been the Church that has preserved religion, it has been religion that has preserved the Church. It has not been the priesthood that has preserved the laity, it has been the example of the humble lives in this laity that has preserved the priesthood.

This, for heresy, is pretty bad, but when Mr. Beecher alludes to his own position in the Congregational sect, he blows a trumpet blast of defiance. Noticing the fact that it had been said to him, "If you are so impressed with these liberal ideas, why don't you go out from the Congregationalists?" "I stay here," said Mr. Beecher, "because there are men that say that Congregationalism shall not stand in the pulpit and say certain things, and I say that they shall." (Great applause.) There is no mistaking this language. It is peremptory, defiant and emphatic, and coming so soon after the Congregational Council, it has unusual significance. The gauntlet is thrown into the arena. Who will pick it up?—*Chicago Daily Tribune*.

The sentiment expressed by Mr. Beecher will be endorsed by the best thinkers throughout the world. Organized Christianity is struck with a blight, a mildew that is apparent. It has never been, since it became organized, the simple Christianity of the Nazarene.

Sufficient light is now beaming upon "Organic Christianity," to show its rottenness. Although it has been reared into a mighty fabric, and a power for mischief; it has ever contained the elements of dissolution, and being based upon a bad foundation, is bound, sooner or later, to fall of its own weight.

Extremes ever right themselves. So we hope the despots in "Organized Christianity" will pile up the fagots around Beecher, Swing and others, and fire them, until they are roasted; not literally, as John Calvin roasted Michael Servetus, but morally and socially, until the light of eternal truth shall shine forth through them, as modern martyrs, to the removal of all darkness imposed upon the people by "Organized Christianity."

Let Spiritualists take warning from observation, and from experience, and ever hereafter protest against all further attempts to organize Spiritualism—the philosophy of life.

Angels, and all intelligent men and women, forbid that we shall ever witness any more such perfidious attempts at national organizations, as have already cursed and disgraced us in the name of an "American Association of Spiritualists," or the so-called "Universal Association of Spiritualists," now made up of the Moses-Woodhullites, the vowed practical advocates of licentiousness—a system of moral ethics that would disgrace semi-barbarians.

Local societies for the investigation and promulgation of truth, independent of each other, with simple articles of association, and by-laws for regulating financial matters, is well, but should never have any further binding force.

DR. T. B. TAYLOR holds a two-days meeting at Beloit, Wis., May 24 and 25; and goes to East Saginaw, Mich., the 10th, 17th, 24th and 31st. Let societies in that part of the State avail themselves of the opportunity to hear this able and eloquent expounder of our faith. Week evening lectures can be arranged for on reasonable terms at points within fifty miles of East Saginaw, during the month of May. Dr. Taylor is reaching a class that no speaker has hitherto reached.

We are pleased to learn that several copies of Dr. Wolfe's startling book of "Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism" has found its way into the Chicago Free Public Library, where it will attract attention, and be read with as much interest as any book published in modern times. This great work ought to be found wherever the language is spoken, in which it is printed, and in the hands of all men who feel an interest in knowing something of the destiny that awaits them after death.

THE TOWER (Ill.) Book speaks as follows of Col. Hay: "A Spiritualist lecturer named Hay, hailing from Texas, has delivered several lectures on Spiritualism in Rogers' Hall, during the last week. He had good audiences at each lecture, and we hear that they were very well pleased with his discourse. Some of all classes were out, and the marked attention shown (the speaker, indicated the interest they felt in his remarks).

J. M. Peckles speaks as follows, in the BANNER, of two prominent Spiritualists: "I found Hudson and Emma Tuttle's Oak-farm home dotted with books, paintings and music. Hudson is speaking each Sunday, and writing for journals both in this country and England. Hudson and Mr. Lees, of Cleveland, did the last thing in arranging for my course of lectures at Berlin Heights. The event of the last evening, however, was Emma's readings."

THE LITTLE BOUQUET for May contains a splendid poem, entitled "Fairy Land," from the pen of that highly gifted poet, Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, of Baltimore, Md.

HON. LEWIS ELLSWORTH, proprietor of the DuPage County Nurseries, is offering superior bargains in his line this spring.

WILL PROF. SHAW, the Elocutionist and Spiritual lecturer, send his address to J. R. Francis, in care of this office.

DR. J. K. BAILEY, the energetic and constant Anti-Woodhull lecturer, is about closing his missionary campaign in Kansas. He intends soon to pass over the M. K. & L. Railroad to Moberly Mo.; thence via the North Missouri to Ottumwa, Iowa. Any friends of true Spiritualism, along the route or its vicinity, desiring lectures, can secure the service of this competent, useful and wholesome advocate of our cause. Address him until further notice at Clinton, Mo.

EVERGREENS, nursery grown, by the millions, from a few inches to six feet high, at prices ranging from 50 cents to \$50.00 per 100, and \$2.50 to \$350.00 per 1,000, at the DuPage County Nursery, Naperville, Illa. Lewis Ellsworth proprietor. For further information see advertisement.

THE LITTLE BOUQUET for April contains a highly interesting narrative from the pen of that distinguished philosopher, Hudson Tuttle, of Berlin Heights, Ohio.

A WELL KNOWN and thoroughly read Physician says that Babbitt's Health Guide is more valuable than all the old school medical works ever written. This is putting it pretty strong, but there is no doubt the little work will do a vast amount of good.

THE LITTLE BOUQUET for May contains a splendid narrative from the pen of Malcolm Taylor, entitled, the "Lame Boy."

GERALD MAREY will lecture in Boston, May 8th and 10th, and will then take his departure for Europe.

We learn that Mrs. M. A. McCord is lecturing very acceptably every Sunday to a society of Spiritualists in St. Louis, Mo.

THE LITTLE BOUQUET for May gives an account of the writing mediumship of a baby.

BRO. YORK, of San Jose, Cal., has been organizing a Society in Sacramento, same State. The cause seems to be in a flourishing condition there, a liberal hall having been erected.

EVERY one is delighted who see those beautiful photographs of Prof. Anderson's Pencil Paintings.

The Biography of Satan, by K. Graves, is the most compact and popular history of that notorious character, ever published.

B. S. SIMMONS sends list of subscribers for the JOURNAL, but fails to give his Post-Office address.

ISAAC CLEVELAND sent to this office for a book, but failed to give his Post Office.

H. H. BROWN, State Missionary, of Iowa, is well spoken of by Capt. J. D. Brown, of Scranton, Bro. Brown will receive calls to lecture anywhere in the State—Address him at Mo Valley, Iowa.

FACTS for the young, by J. L. Potter, may be found in the May number of the LITTLE BOUQUET.

ALL about the Aquarium may be found in the May number of the LITTLE BOUQUET.

Day, Colchester's Fund.

All money donated to the above-named fund is to aid Bro. Lester Day for his loss in paying Bro. Charles Colchester's fine for not procuring a license as a Medium. Bro. Colchester is now deceased, and Bro. Day is an old man, in destitute circumstances. Send him anywhere from a dime to such a number of dollars as your ability and judgment dictate, and angels will bless you for it. Direct to Lester Day, 865 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Amount previously reported, \$295 41
John G. Bosch, Greenville, O. 1 00
W. B. Hawley, J. Tenney and Mrs. Allen, Westfield, N. Y. 3 00
Mrs. E. S. Washington, D. C. 1 00
R. H. Sanford, Helena, Montana 1 00
L. W. Rawson 1 00
A. H. Hathaway, Dawson, Mich. 50
Geo. F. Parkhurst, Smithfield 35
Mrs. M. A. do do 35
G. Utter, Fulton, Ill. 2 00
Joseph Beale, Greenfield, Mass. 1 00
E. P. Tpton, Derby, N. H. 50
W. M. King, Ellsworth, Kan. 1 00

SENSIBLE AT LAST.

DR. H. P. FAIRFIELD Sues for a Divorce from the Moses-Woodhullites.

BROTHER S. S. JONES—I cannot hold my peace any longer. The last free-love vomit of Dr. Treat, Smith & Co., is filthy enough to make every Spiritualist in Heaven and earth, that has in any way been connected with it, to sue for a divorce, and regard it as a disgrace. If the *Champion of Humanity* is to be such a love-sick mixture of tar and sugar, as the first issue is, God save us from the dabb.

DR. H. P. FAIRFIELD.

Springfield, Mass., April 28rd, 1874.
Welcome back to true Spiritualism! We have always wondered how it happened that so good a man as Bro. H. P. Fairfield, could be led astray by such consummate folly. Welcome back to the fold of true Spiritualism—that Spiritualism which you have so ably advocated for so many years in the past.—[EN JOURNAL.]

The Little Bouquet Orphan's Fund.

This fund we propose to use for sending the little gem of beauty to orphans in as many different families as the donations will pay for.

H. Randall, Winchester, Wis. 50
S. C. Fisk, Readsburg, Wis. 25

Who will next be inspired to a similar deed of noble charity. We shall report.

Prisoner's Friend Fund.

All money donated to this fund will be most sacredly appropriated to sending the *RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL* to prisoners who may apply for the same.
Total amount previously received, \$12 75
A. P. Holt, Lyndon, Ill. 70

New Publications.

"PSYCHISCHE STUDIEN" (Psychic Studies), the title of a new German monthly devoted to Spiritualism. It is the combination of the "Spiritisch-Rationalistische Zeitschrift" (Spiritualistic-Rationalistic Journal), which of the last year was published by Oswald Mutze at Leipzig, under the editorship of Julius Meurer. The publisher and editor of the new monthly is the Russian reformer, Mr. Alexander Akasow, so well known for many years as a zealous propagator of the truths of Spiritualism, particularly by furnishing the means for translating the works of Andrew Jackson Davis, into German. By giving this new periodical the title of "Psychic Studies," he warrants the expectation that he will in the treatment of his great subject, follow the same method of scientific investigation, which has already brought in England remarkable fruits. The appearance of the well-conducted German periodical, dedicated to the great dawning science of the future, is a fact to be noticed with particular rejoicing. Germany has thus far been lamentably backward in regard to the facts and truths of Spiritualism, owing to the tendency to color the perception, which has taken possession of the majority of her leading men of science, and through them has imbued the characters of the whole nation. Still it may be noted as a curiosity, that the motive power in the new issue in Germany is not the German, but the English, proceeding from a native of the "country of thinkers," but from a subject of the great North-eastern power, which—and to a certain degree justly—is still liable, to be reckoned among the half-barbarians. The third number of the "Psychic Studies" before us contains 144 pages, of which the first is devoted to the "Historical and Experimental," whilst the second to "Theory and Criticism," generally. Among the latter we notice, that the organ of the German "Wissenschaften," "Neue Bahnen" (New Tracks), has warmly welcomed the appearance of a new periodical for the scientific investigation of hitherto unexplained psychological facts as deserving the particular attention of female reformers. No. 11 of the studies contains the well-known Report of Dr. Wm. Crookes, of London, and a paper of Alfred Russel Wallace's, about "Mecanism, Clairvoyance and Spiritualism," and concludes the speech of Dr. Sexton, of London, "How I became a Spiritualist." We have also in this number a report by Prof. Dr. Perty, of Bern, Switzerland, the learned author of several works on the "Mysterious Phenomena of Human Nature," about a remarkable occurrence in Mr. Akasow's own family. Dr. Franz Hoffmann, Professor of Philosophy, contributes a paper on "Telepathy," contributed by Torpat, Russia, book, of the "Immortality of the Soul." All the articles in this number are well written, and hold out the promise that this journal will go far toward, paving the way to a more general attention and a juster appreciation of the facts of Spiritualism, than has thus far fallen to the lot among the "Nation of thinkers." We would particularly recommend the "Psychische Studien" to the German Spiritualists in this country, the number of whom is far more considerable than that of the other world of color and union has hitherto allowed to appear. This new Monthly is issued in a style which reflects great credit on its publishers as well as editor. Beside the Publishing house at Leipzig, the well-known firm of Mr. Ernst Steiger, of New York appears on the title page.

The May number of the POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY is at hand, and it is really a superb issue. It takes the lead of other scientific periodicals in this country and is equal in all its parts to any published in Europe. No inquiring mind can get along well without this valuable assistant. The list of leading articles embraces the Grape Phylloxera, the Limits of Knowledge, the New Theory of the Cosmos, Courses of Light, Synthetic Chemistry, Action of Sunlight on Glass, Measures of Mental Capacity, Law of Inanity, etc., etc. Terms: \$5 per annum, or 50 cents per number. D. Appleton & Co. publishers, 549 and 551 Broadway, New York.

OVERLAND MONTHLY FOR MAY.—We find a talented array of contributors in the present issue of this delightful magazine—authors who have received the recognition in the world of letters, through the pages of the *Overland*, as permanent lights in western American literature. The first on the list is John Muir, our western Hugh Miller, who contributes the first of a series of articles, illustrated with outline sketches, on "Mountain Sculpture" in the Yosemite region. John H. Gorman & Co., publishers, San Francisco. \$4 per annum.

SCHIRMER'S FOR MAY.—Julius Verne's new story, "The Mysterious Island," is continued in the May number, with which number a new volume of this magazine is begun. In the same number Edward King has another "Great South" chapter, profusely illustrated. Mr. King deals this month with the mountains of Tennessee, Georgia and South Carolina. No one can afford to be without the information concerning the Great South to be had in this series of articles. To every reader these papers will be worth more than the subscription price.

The frontispiece of St. Nicholas for May is a very large and remarkably fine engraving illustrating a passage of Goethe's poem, "Johanna Sebus." Indeed, this number contains many engravings of unusual excellence. The departments are all good as usual, especially the "Fairy-tale," which, there is no doubt, is the most valuable of a low-spirited tribe. The Riddle Box contains one of the best puzzles of the day, an everyday song, written in the "Language of the Restless Imps."

THE GALAXY FOR MAY is bright, fresh, and spring-like; full of smiling landscape and vivid figure painting, birdlike poetry and cheerful conversation, with dashes of humor, pathos, wisdom and sentiment, which combine to make it as delightful as the month of May itself.

In the leading article Mr. Albert Rhodes tells how Americans conduct themselves in Paris, what Paris says of them and thinks of them and how for them and were led to the conclusion that the American citizen is not seen to the best advantage on foreign soil.

THE ATLANTIC for May shows a table of contents well suited to its large and intelligent circle of readers. Trowbridge, Adolph, De Forest, Warner and other well known writers contribute to make up this admirable number and Lowell gives us a long poem to the memory of Agassiz.

THE TECHNOLOGIST for April is behind time but is none the less welcome. This magazine is especially useful to manufacturers, mechanics, builders and inventors. \$1.50 per year. Published by Industrial Publication Company, 176 Broadway, N. Y.

Twenty-five cents pays for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for three months, for new trial subscribers. Please send in the subscriptions.

All kinds of reformatory books for sale at this office.

Philadelphia Department

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.
Subscriptions will be received and papers may be obtained, at wholesale or retail, at 535 Race St., Philadelphia.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

The Twenty-Sixth Anniversary at Philadelphia.

CELEBRATION AT LINCOLN HALL—MORNING SESSION.

Dr. Child called the meeting to order at 10 o'clock, and said:
Friends, it is with pleasure that we meet this morning to commemorate an event which, with each passing year, grows more interesting, as the birth-day of Modern Spiritualism, which we recognize as a new, and takes its date from this day, for as our sister, Nellie Brigham, has said, "It is but the 19th century blossom on the great tree of Spiritualism, which was planted when the first human being entered into consciousness."

I remember a few years ago at a convention at Cleveland, O., my old friend, Mr. Lawrence, came up with a paper, on which he had written a communication from spirits, in which there was a desire expressed that we should commemorate the day, and observe it annually, and it is a pleasant thought to know that today hundreds of thousands of people, not only in our land, but in many other countries, are rejoicing in the commemoration of an event, which has brought peace and consolation to millions of earth's children, who to-day have come out of the dim and shadowy realms of faith and theory, into the glorious sun-light of knowledge. I see in vision now a vast ocean, calm and placid. It represents mind. Into this ocean I see a pebble dropped six years ago tonight, and as I watched carefully the undulations as they roll out over the entire sea of mind almost everywhere, they move gently and peacefully, just lifting the people and waking attention; but there are places where the winds of opposition have blown fiercely, and I see tumult and confusion, and sometimes violent storms, but everywhere the movement is producing blessings. Where it has been received quietly and without opposition, it lifts mankind gently and beautifully out of the old lines, into a more progressive condition, and so all through the churches and wherever it goes, it is moving the entire mass of humanity. Where there has been opposition, and storms have arisen, throwing the white spray from the waves, it is doing its work of purification, and healing toward the end of progress.

So, friends, we have much to cheer and encourage us, in our association and labors with the loved ones, who, though gone before us, still are our helpers, still work earnestly and faithfully to lift humanity into higher and higher spheres. It is a glorious privilege to know that we are thus permitted to be co-workers with the angels, and to join hands with the great and good of all ages, and while we rejoice in this, let us not forget that it involves in a high responsibility, and let us so live that we may stand as a model to all moving on worthily in the grand army of progress, whether we be here or in the beautiful land of the hereafter.

JOHN M. SPEAR said, those of you who have come into this movement later, can hardly have a clear idea of the trials and tribulations which I have experienced. I thought when I became acquainted with Andrew Jackson Davis, and saw that a new movement had commenced, that I would avoid it. I thought I had good reason to do so. I had been in the Anti-Slavery movement, and I was a member of the Christian Union, and other radical schemes of the day. So it occurred to me that if Spiritualism was to exert an influence, I would be outside of that, for each one of the movements cost time and money, and reputation; yet in the order of divine providence, I was called to quit this world. I had met Mr. Davis, and he said to me, "You will hear him. They will come to you." Events transpired by which I found myself engaged in this work. I did not like the term medium, but it was put upon us. I did not like to be seen and known as a medium. My friends said I was insane, and I half suspected it was so. The spirit friends said to me, we wish you to do something of a reformatory character. I was the first medium, perhaps, that was sent out to heal. I went twenty miles to see a man, whom I had never heard of, and him sick and in need of help. I went to comparative health. I went on with my work; was sent all over this continent and to Europe, and I have learned this, that while the abolition of slavery was to elevate the four millions, the woman's cause is for one half of humanity. Spiritualism has come to set free all humanity; fourteen hundred millions of human beings who walk this earth to-day are the objects of its labor, and a noble work it is.

MR. H. B. CHAMPLIN, of Nashville, now living in Philadelphia, said, that we commemorate the 30th anniversary of the advent of Modern Spiritualism. Every age and people, peculiar to their views and sense of obligation, have had their festive occasions. It appears to be inherent in the heart of man, that he should recognize the source, the being, that has ministered to more than his fleshly needs. This is a befitting occasion to express our gratitude to the Giver of all good. In looking over the past, it weaves together an association of events, unparalleled in the world's history. Twenty-six years ago to-day, the clouds were rifted in twain, and the sun of righteousness was born. Light supernatural descended to visit our earth; joy arose, and a song of gladness resounded from shore to shore, to welcome home the long-expected friend.

We commemorate this day, not as a sect, or a peculiar people especially favored of God. Not but as the recipients of a universal blessing and blessing, born to all people. We rejoice, not in our own strength, but in that which has been made manifest to us; that truth of God, borne alike to the Doubtful and the Apathetic no longer hold the pathway of the tomb, but the redemptive glory of an all-wise Creator manifests there, through his angels of peace and love, with no scorching fires or scathing plagues, but a gentle, a quiet, a peace that the world cannot give, and a joy that the world cannot take. The shroud of desolation is torn away, and the bright harbinger of consolation ministers in its stead. To-day we stand as a lasting monument of the folly of coercive measures for the restraint of the power of God. Twenty-six years ago to-day, the manifest power of the spirit of love was born. The cradle of hope has brought forth a man of glory. A beneficent smile now wreathes the brow of a com-

mon kind. Kindred emotions knit together in lasting bonds the family of man. Doubt no longer with her sombre shades, garlands the tomb of a resurrected Lord, but truth, like a star of promise, has arisen, and dispelled the fear of a life to come. Should we not rejoice with the harbinger of peace in the door? Should we not welcome the light from the supernatural world? Should we not open our hearts and souls, that angels may minister to them? Should not the breath of gratitude rise as the sun of the morning, over a new life fragrant with the breath of immortality? Let us let us prepare for the life to come, make ourselves worthy recipients of angelic ministrations, that growth, and not decay, may mark our pathway.

We have assembled here in a fraternal union to rejoice over some long favored. Not but to commemorate the dawn of a universal jubilee for all men. Pomp, pageantry, and the away of empire are insignificant, compared with the results attained by what is termed Modern Spiritualism (though as old as time), in the last few years. Still, indeed, must be forth, citizens of our institutions, radical clubs, free religious associations, woman's crusade for the reformation of the inebriate, with a host of others, all worthy of attention and care. Tell me that this does not mirror the reflex of mighty import! Aye, every reformer, citizen, association, radical club, free religious associations, woman's crusade for the reformation of the inebriate, with a host of others, all worthy of attention and care. Tell me that this does not mirror the reflex of mighty import! 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MRS. A. H. ROBINSON,
Healing Psychometric & Business Medium

HEATING, PSYCHOMETRIC & BUSINESS MEDIUM
CORNER ADAMS ST., & 5TH AVE., CHICAGO
-3-

MRS. ROBINSON, while under spirit control, on receiving a lock of hair of a sick patient, will diagnose the disease most perfectly, and prescribe the proper remedy. Yet, as the most speedy cure is the essential object in view rather than to gratify idle curiosity, the better practice is to send along with a lock of hair, a brief statement of the case, age, leading symptoms, and

the length of time the patient has been sick; when she will, without delay, return a most potent prescription and remedy for eradicating the disease, and permanently curing all curable cases.

Of herself she claims no knowledge of the healing art, but when her spirit-guides are brought on *rapport* with a sick person, through her mediumship, they never fail to give immediate and permanent relief in any curable case.

through the positive and negative forces latent in the system and in nature. This prescription is sent by mail and be it an internal or an external application, it should be given or applied precisely as directed in the accompanying letter. The directions, however simple it may seem, be sure to remember it is not the quantity of the compound, but the chemical effect that is produced, that science takes cognizance of.

One prescription is usually sufficient, but in case the patient is not permanently cured by one prescription, the application for a second, or more if required, should be made.

Mrs. ROBINSON also, through her mediumship, diagnoses the disease of any one who calls upon her at her residence. The facility with which the spirits controlling her accomplish the same, is done as well when the application is by letter, as when the patient is present. Her gifts are very remarkable, not only in the healing art, but as a psychometric and business medium.

1. ~~Insurance~~—~~Life~~ and ~~first~~ ~~prescription~~ ~~costs~~; ~~each~~ subsequent one, \$3.00. Psychometric Delineation of character, \$3.00; Answering business letters, \$3.00. The money should accompany the application to insure a reply.

2. Hereafter, all charity applications, to insure a reply, must contain one dollar, to defray the expense of reporter, amanuensis, and postage.

N.B.—~~Miss~~ Robinson will hereafter give no prizes ~~stickings to any one~~. If a prize is required, it must be by subscription.

A Good Head of Hair Restored by a Spirit Prescription.

DOCTOR JOURNAL:—For the benefit of my friends and one world, I desire to make this brief statement.

I have been almost entirely bald for almost six years. Had tried almost everything that I could hear recommended, and firmly believed that nothing could restore my hair.

One year ago this month I wrote Mrs. A. H. Robinson, the healing medium at Chicago, Illinois, Chicago, as follows:

"Mrs. R., or, rather, to please my wife.

"Mrs. R. immediately prescribed for me a spirit prescription, and I did not get a chance to write you again. I am now bald no longer."

June, 1871. I then commenced using it as directed, and was encouraged, because it was the first application that had been felt upon the scalp, - it causing a smarting sensation. I continued the use of this preparation about two months, and then the itching ceased, and the hair grew all over my head, and I now have a very comfortable head of hair, which money cannot buy. I am asked almost every day how fast, and what I had used to bring my hair back, all agreeing that it is unaccountably strange, etc., etc. And here let me state, that not one of my friends, or acquaintances, or relatives, or neighbors, or any ascribe to this claim, that contradicted and led me

that I never would get a head of hair.

I can fully substantiate the foregoing by 10,000 written affidavits, if necessary, and will answer correspondents in detail.

M. R. SMITH
Springfield, Mo.

Mr. Smith inclosed a lock of his hair along with the above letter. It is about one inch in length, and of a dark brown color, soft and lively as that of a young man of twenty.

Mrs. Robinson diagnoses the case and furnishes the Restorative complete (sent by express or by mail) on receipt of a letter in the handwriting of the applicant.

On a lock of hair, one diagnoses scalp cases, and can point out the *Hair Restoratives* to suit the temperament of each person whose hair is to be restored.

The Restorative *never fails* to reproduce a good head of hair in *less than one year*, no matter how long the applicant may have been bald.

Address Mrs. A. E. Robinson, corner Adams street and 5th Avenue, Chicago, Ill., enclosing \$5.00, which covers full expense of diagnosing, remedy, and postage.

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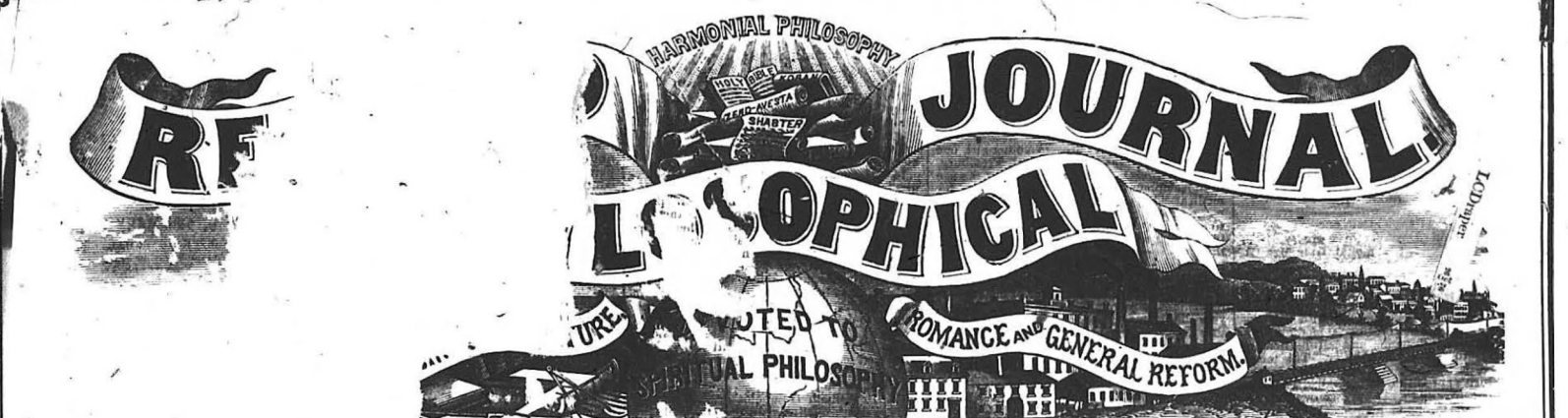
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REMARKABLE MENTAL PHYSICAL EXPERIENCE:
A Journey to Heaven and What was Seen There.

The following narrative was written about ten years ago, by the Rev. S. J. Decker, a Baptist clergyman of unquestionable intelligence and veracity, then living in Pulaski, N. Y.

As every feeling, sensation and development of the human soul is interesting to the reflecting, and as every phenomenon of the mind is important, opening some knowledge of man to man, I thought that, perhaps, some mental inquirers would be paid for reading what, to me, was a singular development, and which occurred in connection with a recent sickness, through which I have passed.

But, to give the reader an entire view of the phenomenon, it will be proper to give first a brief history of things which have led to it. Thirty-one years ago, next April, I suffered an injury upon my head, which resulted (after a few months of painful and confused sensations) in insanity, from which I partially recovered, but have had sudden attacks of excessive pain and confusion in my head, from time to time, ever since, resulting in periods of partial, and sometimes total, insanity.

As time wore on, these attacks became less frequent, shorter in duration, and weaker in effect, until I have had but three attacks since I came to this country, twelve years ago. But I do not remember a day in thirty years when I have been entirely free from pain and confused feeling in my head, always augmented by severe thought, close study, over exertion or excitement, so much so that I have rarely been able to block out an ordinary lecture at one sitting, unless I could grasp the thoughts and finish it in from fifteen to thirty minutes.

The way I have been obliged to study and think on substantial subjects, is to think as hard and rapidly as possible, till I feel dizzy and my thread of thought breaks; I then get up, move, run to the neighbors, or the business part of the place, talk and listen to talk for an hour or two, regain my balance of mind, go home and try again.

Very often, in public speaking, when fifteen or twenty minutes of clear, strong thought have passed upon my mind, pain and confused feeling in my head take place, and am obliged to go, broken and limping to the end of the subject. You can see, reader, from this (my common condition) how near the shore of insanity I live all the time. These attacks are sudden, and no striking mental phenomena accompany the commencement; but recovery is more slow, often requiring several days.

What I am about to relate took place between the hours of eleven and one o'clock, on the third night after my recent attack, on the 16th day of January last. I was lying in the middle room of my house, making all the efforts to sleep, but in vain. Memories, totally forgotten for years, were clear, perfect and fresh upon my mind, and affected me very much as they did when I first knew them. I was astonished at being able to repeat, as rapidly as thought, in my mind, passages in every book I had ever read, even but once, and that, perhaps, years ago. Incidents of my life, long forgotten, came trooping in sight, all vividly real, much more like original facts than memories. Much of this although so clear and impressive, and happening but a few weeks ago, is again fading rapidly out of sight.

After these strange recollections had passed for from one to two hours upon my mind, I looked up at the clock, which stood close to me, it indicated a few minutes to eleven. At this time I became aware of a strange want of bodily sensation. I tried repeatedly to turn over on my bed, and to move my limbs, but could do neither, though I could move my eyes in any direction, and took repeated and scrutinizing looks about the room, and heard the smallest sounds distinctly. The ticking of the clock sounded much louder than usual; indeed, all sounds for some days were painfully loud. I had as good evidence as ever in my life that I was awake, and keenly conscious to all I could see, hear or think. I looked up at the clock again; it was a few minutes past eleven.

As strange thought now came over me—it was this: I will make the effort and see if I cannot go out of my body. I smiled at the idea, as foolish and absurd as it seemed. A strange unexpected phenomenon occurred; instead of falling I seemed to succeed. Instead of an impalpable, subtle, intangible, nondescript something, it seemed like refined material, having a form just like the body, occupying every spot in it, from extremity to extremity. I seemed to feel it passing out from every individual pore of the skin, from fingers to toes, accompanied by a prickling sensation in every spot in me, as if gently touched in a million points at once, by as many needles. The feeling was singular, but not painful, and lasted but an instant.

I thought of it, but, strangely, I did not feel cold. I now seemed to pass directly over the village. I knew every house distinctly; I saw one light in a dwelling, and another in a grocery; I heard voices that seemed to come from the chambers of the public house; one voice, in laughing, I distinctly recognized as that of Mr. Groul. I saw one person on the street; he crossed the street against the stone block, went around the block and up the walk, west; had on a cap and fur collar; and something on his arm; I thought him to be Dr. Lowe. I seemed to pass over the alley between the drug store and the tavern, over the water-side of the buildings on the upper end of Mill street, and came over the street about half way to the guide-board to the station, followed the road to the hill on the Centerville road, then followed the flat, close to a high bank; noticed a rock cropping through the snow, and crossed what seemed to be a wood road. I seemed to pass within hearing, and sometimes within sight, of the river, till directly over Centerville. I saw the Fox bridge road, and another crossing by the Sabron road, and heard a child's cry, mingled with a shrill female voice singing. I saw the railroad and a car standing on the track, and heard the sound of some one striking on iron; it sounded like a bar striking on a mill-dog.

I seemed now to be full three hundred feet above the houses. Up to this point I have been familiar with the country, but beyond (in the direction I seemed to go) I have never been. In a little way the land seemed very broken, small sharp hills and deep depressions occurred; I saw a light at one house in Centerville, and heard a child's cry, mingled with a shrill female voice singing. I saw the railroad and a car standing on the track, and heard the sound of some one striking on iron; it sounded like a bar striking on a mill-dog.

From the point where I lost sight of all earthly objects, I seemed to hang motionless, yet I was conscious of moving at lightning speed. Soon it began to grow dimly lighter, till it seemed light as day, and yet no sun. A region that seemed to look like substance came within view, and soon I seemed to be passing over its surface. I then began to see trees, looking like pictures of dwarf palms, and streams seemed to be winding along, looking like very clear water mixed with grains of floating quicksilver, and sparkling in the light much like snow crystals to a clear sunlight.

As I passed on, the trees became more plenty and larger, growing in clusters, without any small growth, or decayed or fallen timber. Spots of flowers began to appear; some looked like those I had seen before, but most of them were new, and all had clearer, more vivid colors and more delicate forms. Many trees were wholly covered with flowers; one kind was splendid beyond description. The trees upon which it grew varied from twenty to one hundred feet in height; after a foot every few inches put out a branch, a smooth, straight slender limb, without any leaves, tapering to a single point, tipped with a single flower, bell-shaped, with the brim downward, having all the color of the rainbow, and arrayed in the same order, the darkest at the small end next the limb. The tree looked like a mass of flowers, shaped like a pine-apple. Soon, acres of plant flowers were under my eye; everything looked like perfect spring in its vigor, without the smallest sign of decay anywhere. It would take a volume to faintly describe what I seemed to see and feel. The whole seemed perfection perfected, beauty beautified, glorified glory. Songs of birds, the most beautiful, floated everywhere; in short it seemed life doubly alive, without the smallest sign of old age or decay; all seemed to be of refined, immortal material, having a striking resemblance to this earth, but, upon thought, little or nothing like it.

Soon upon my whole intellect became centered in new objects. A human form was rapidly approaching; when against me it stopped. I have admired strong manly beauty, been dazzled with glorious female beauty; I have felt my heart tingle at a sight of dimpled child beauty; I have been ravished with soul-conquering beauty; but none excelled the bird. There seemed some garb on which all these things appeared to rest or move, and yet this surface seemed very ethereal, for I could look down through it. I thought then: Is this really substantial, or is it only owing to enlarged perception? Although the beings moved their limbs, they seemed to glide rather than walk, the motion (one told me) was the result of a wish of the mind and not of the action of the form.

As I moved on the people became more and more plenty, till at last it seemed an endless mass, with lanes and openings in every direction. I saw no building, and nothing like eating or drinking, or any preparation for it; the whole business seemed to be passing from group to group, giving and receiving thought and feeling; the great motive power seemed to be to find the spot and being and add to happiness. Every sentiment and open mind seemed to seek looked as if they were constantly thinking, communicating and receiving something beautiful and lovely, in which they seemed intensely interested and perfectly happy. I looked and thought much on their garments, for they seemed to be clothed. All had loose, flowing robes; hands, feet and head naked. I was surprised that they were not all white and of the same pattern; many looked as if a piece of a rainbow had been woven into a warp of threads of white, silvery light, but all looked new and clean. I had as yet seen no person I knew, and I began to have a deep wish to see some person I knew. While this wish was on my mind, a person I was then thinking of stood before me. I had not seen her coming, as I had others. At a glance, I read from her mind—"I have come as you wished." This was so sudden and strange that I was startled with thoughts of ghosts and apparitions. She smiled and her lips moved, but I heard no sound, but I seemed to see and feel her meaning; it was this: "I am real; the same you once knew in childhood, and now I see it, and how glorious above any former conception or feeling. I shall not repeat what she said—I shall call the facts read from her mind and others, saying things. Thoughts and feelings in another seemed there just as real and tangible as sights and sounds had ever done, and intensely more impressive and certain. It affects me strangely now, to remember how rapidly thoughts passed between us, the amount said, and the little time it took. I thought with throbbing joy: "Oh, what cannot be learned in another life!" I shall never forget in this life things she told me of that state and region. A strange, undecided question has ever since been with me: whether, in taking a plunge into the unknown, I find what I seemed to see true? and what I was told that lay beyond, in an infinite vastness, will it be found to be a dream? I cannot tell—oh, how I wish I knew! She seemed to tell me much that occurred just before and at the time of which we were living witnesses in Connecticut, and I shall write to satisfy myself whether the things she seemed to tell ever transpired.

I soon saw one I once well knew. When I saw him on earth, he was a lad of about fifteen; he died soon after I left New England. He told me many things which I can find out whether true or not, by referring to persons now living, which he seemed to say were present. One thing struck me. It was that he would have lived had he not been strangled in taking a plunge into the unknown. I saw many others; I heard much, I saw much, and felt unutterable things; but I have written enough to exhibit the character of the phenomenon, fact or delusion, which ever it is. I will describe only one thing more of many. I saw (or seemed to see) several times form rapidly approach each other, and instead of turning out when they met, they seemed to pass directly through each other, like light through glass, heat through iron, or air through a sieve. The first time I seemed to see this I was struck by the momentum of the parties. It was such that it seemed they must be crashed by the collision, but, strangely, they seemed to emerge from each other with all perfect as before.

I now felt a pang of apprehension that I should not find my way back for it was the while present with me that I must return. I cannot say, while surrounded with such beauty, glory, intelligence, immortality and love, that I had a thought or wish to remain. I did think often with rapture, "I shall see this place again." But, with the anxiety and the wish to go I found myself rapidly moving away from the spot, and seemed to pass over exactly the same places I had in going, except I saw no light or person and heard no voice anywhere. When over my own house, I seemed to see my body as when I left it. I seemed to descend to it, and into it, felt the same prickling sensation as before, but it now lasted some moments. I now felt cold, stiff and heavy, but moved my body and limbs without difficulty. I looked down at the clock; it was a few minutes after one. In a few moments all things around me seemed natural, as usual in the transition state from insanity to soundness of mind. I have tried often to obtain the same condition since, but have utterly failed. Now, reader, I do not know what you may think of this; that is your business not mine. But it is printed on my mind in unfading colors; that two hours is before me like the glorious history of years. I give it no name, I draw no conclusions, I leave no theories upon it, and, reader, be careful how you do. The human mind is too little understood as yet to speak positively. Whatever it was it has affected me powerfully, and I have no power to prevent it. Is this a certain sign that has not affected me so as to make me love God or man less, or to have less confidence in immortality, less faith in goodness, or less fears for the wicked. I think it has given me some new and beautiful insights, strong and happy feelings, which I think of with a future, a blessed source of the wisdom and goodness of our holy God. When I pass the boundary of flesh and blood, see as I am seen, know as I am known, then I shall probably know the character of these singular appearances, without giving them any name. I have other truth enough

to urge an honest man to do all my powers will allow, for my own present and eternal happiness, and for that of the world around me. You may ask—would you not like to know the exact truth of the matter? Certainly I should, but with so much to interest, to struggle against, to see and to labor for, plain within reach, I can afford to wait solution till God please. But, reader, you will never lose anything by looking candidly at everything connected with your soul, or the soul of another, when you read this singular experience of my soul, be cool and calm and you will never harm you.

I will state one thing, however, in connection with this matter, and offer two suggestions for the reader to think of. We are all sensible of having power to think, to perceive, and feel vastly more sometimes than at others. In my experience this enlargement of mind-power has been by far the most striking in three particular conditions.

First. When publicly speaking upon grand and glorious subjects, the topic becoming keenly real and other things becoming lost, or nearly lost, to sense so as to be unconscious of the presence of people, objects, sounds, and of the passage of time. Second. The point between waking and sleeping. In my experience mental consciousness is the last thing obscured, and often, after it seems to me the body is asleep, there has many times appeared a mental consciousness, strange and surprising in its power and vividness, strange in its phenomena.

Third. The passing from total or partial insanity (as I often have done in my life) to mental soundness. Here have been the strongest and most surprising exhibitions of the nature I have just referred to. The last instance, which I have faintly described in this article, is the most extraordinary, but they are all sufficiently alike to indicate a common origin. One thing is certain, there is a vast enlargement of mental consciousness, for the time being. But, under this power, does the soul ever see what it seems to see? Is it nearer the center of things, or is it further? Or, is it the result of the capacity of the mind (acting under powerful stimulants) to think in such a manner as to have these thoughts appear positive realities? One of these causes is undoubtedly true, but the question is, which? When I remember and feel, I am inclined to the former. When I reason coolly and logically, I am inclined to the latter. The fact is, I do not know. Who does?

WASHINGTON AND PHILLIPS.
The Great Abolition Orator Only a Medium—George Washington Real Orator.

[From the Springfield (Mass.) Republican.] We always did have our misgivings about the genuineness of Mr. Wendell Phillips. There have been forever such extreme contradictions in his utterances,—at times taking hold on the idealities, and again groveling in the earthiness of ignorance and demagoguery. And now the mystery is solved. The genuineness is purely a reflected light. Indeed, he is but the conduit for great souls in the spirit-land. Mr. A. E. Newton reveals the riddle, or strips of the mask so to speak, in Dr. Britton's *Spiritualist's Journal*. It is only by "transmission of thought" that Mr. Phillips shines.

Mr. Newton's fundamental proposition is that "the best productions of the greatest masters in every department of human thought and achievement are in reality the productions of disembodied minds, whether progressive or retrogressive, in the after life." And thus he goes on to bring the application home to the great hero of the American platform, who has been so long masquerading in other people's thoughts before our public. "It was my privilege," says Mr. Newton, "to attend a public meeting in Boston, immediately after the exciting presidential campaign in which Abraham Lincoln was first chosen president of the United States. The meeting was one of congratulation and rejoicing upon that event, and it was to be addressed by that 'silver-tongued orator,' Wendell Phillips. The audience was immense and the enthusiasm unbounded. I had the good fortune to have by my side an intimate and trusted companion, one who had been a frequent hearer of the inner senses, which revealed the presence of beings invisible to the common eye. Nothing of the kind, however, was anticipated on this occasion, and what followed was as surprising as it was significant to us both. As the orator stepped upon the platform and began his address, my companion whispered to me that, as he was above and in his rear, another platform, or a vast amphitheatre, on which were assembled a noble array of dignified and shining beings, with countenance all aglow with interest in the occasion. In fact, the chief patriots and statesmen of American history; and foremost the majestic Washington, evidently the spokesman or master of ceremonies for that great cloud of witnesses. 'Instantly regarding this unexpected scope, the speaker perceived that the chief personages revealed to her vision were in some way unitedly engaged in giving expression to thoughts, accompanied by symbolic representations, of wonderful artistic beauty and force, and evident of approval to the subject of the meeting then conversed. At my request, she repeated to me, in a low whisper, as fully as possible, the ideas she received, and described the imagery which was made to pass before her surprised vision. Listening to her words, and at the same time to the eloquent language

of the visible orator, I soon perceived that the latter was but following in the same track, and repeating the substantial ideas—sometimes the very words—which had, a moment before, been whispered in my ear. When he indulged as was his wont, in a figure of speech, he but dimly indicated what had just been presented as a vivid picture before my companion's vision! This continued through the whole address, which was delivered apparently impromptu, and was one of Mr. Phillips' most thrilling and commanding efforts,—as will be remembered by thousands who heard it. To us, incidentally, paralyzed by many others of a similar significance, furnished conclusive proof that this chief of orators on the American platform is at times (that he is always is not affirmed) a medium for the transmission of thought from disembodied minds once tabernacled in clay. Whether or not the eminent orator was at that time, or is ever conscious of any extraneous influence exerted on him I know not.

This ignorance of the writer concerning Mr. Phillips' consciousness may be held to relieve him somewhat from the suspicion of plagiarism. "But instances are not wanting," continues the writer, "of public men and authors of high repute, who have been both sensible of such inspirational aid, and aware of its source—as they have acknowledged in private to confidential friends—but who have refrained from avowing the fact to the world, through motives of prudence or policy. Whether this has been wise or otherwise on their part, I presume not to judge. Let us have their names! In our Gen. B. F. B. one! And the source? It really is not fair to keep such confidences. We ought to be able to discriminate in these days between the inspired and the uninspired. 'It is hardly necessary to add,' says our writer, 'that when the disembodied can command the services of such cultured instruments as Emerson and Phillips, their productions are not lacking in either vigor of conception or felicity of expression. And if the philosopher of Concord is right (referring to his 'over-soul') neither he nor any other master of thought, of oratory, of poetry, or of art, can say of his best productions, 'This is mine, no deny that it proceeded from some mind or assemblage of minds in the spiritual realm.' We think we see the point. Let proud philosophy and soaring oratory be humbled. Let the Concord sage repeat of that 'grievous wrong' he did many years ago, he strangely characterized Spiritualism as a 'rubbish philosophy.' May he not need some of its rat-holes when, perchance, his true 'sources' are discovered?

The Dying Poet.
[The following lines from the writings of a Persian poet of the twelfth century, were uttered at the moment when death was about to darken the windows of his earthly habitation, and even, after the lapse of seven centuries, find an echo in every heart:]

Tell thou to my friends when weeping
They my words decry;
Here you find my body sleeping,
But it is not I.
Now in life immortal hovering,
Far away I roam,
This was but my house, my covering,
'Tis no more my home;
This was but the cage that bound me,
I, the bird, have flown;
This was 'but the shell around me,'
I, the pearl, am gone.
Over me, as o'er treasure,
Had a spell been cast;
God hath spoken at his pleasure,
I am free at last.
Thanks and praise to him be given,
Who has set me free.
Now forevermore in heaven
Shall my dwelling be.
There I stand his face beholding,
With the saints in light;
Present, future, past, unfolding,
In that radiance bright.
Telling through the pain I leave you,
I have journeyed on;
From your tents, why should it grieve you,
Friends, to find me gone?
Let the house forsaken perish,
Let the shell decay,
Break the cage, destroy the garments,
I am far away.
Call not this my death, I pray you,
'Tis my life of life;
Goal of all my weary wanderings,
End of all my strife.
Think of God with love forever,
Know his name is love:
Come to him, distrust him never,
He rewards above.
I behold each deathless spirit,
All your ways I view,
Let the portion I inherit,
Is reserved for you.

The prospectus of the British National Association of Spiritualists, has the following quotations printed upon the back of its title page:
"He that answereth a matter before he hearth it, it is folly and shame unto him.—Proverbs xvi. 25." "In Scripture we are perpetually reminded that the laws of the spiritual world are, in the highest sense, laws of nature.—Arya." "He who asserts that, outside of the domain of pure mathematics, anything is impossible, lacks a knowledge of the first principle of logic.—Arya."

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S. N. JONES,
EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.
J. R. FRANCIS, - - Associate Editor.

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1874.

The Dark Side of Life, or What is Evil?

NUMBER NINE.

Oh! how many and scenes are presented to the human vision. The dark side of life is ornamented with tattered garments, poor, weak, starving, fragile forms, bodies emaciated from overwork, and little waifs cast on the outer world to eke out a miserable existence, and then vanish like the snow-flake kissed heavenward by some genial ray of light, while its music consists of groans, heart-rending sighs, tender appeals for charity, prayers and supplication to the Throne of Grace for a crust of bread to relieve the hunger! The dark side of life, it exists in all its hideous reality—so black, dismal, hateful and uninviting, that the soul shudders when surveying it.

You who have been cradled in the lap of luxury, reared by kind indulgent parents, and educated with scrupulous care, know but little of the dark side of life in all its dreadful manifestations. Our soul shudders as we think of it, and our mind becomes grandly illuminated with a light divine as we survey the machinery of creation!

We seem to ascend above the vast and complicated machinery of earth, into the blue ether, and there, above the discord of this sphere, we calmly, serenely survey the scenes beneath us.

Above is the grandeur of the heavens. The moon sheds its soft silvery light, and the twinkling stars send forth their radiant smiles! All is life—motion! The scene is transcendently grand, and as the gorgeous works of creation are spread out before us, we read therefrom as a book! What splendor above us! Below us is throbbing active life! We listen, and we hear the cry of "murder, police, help!" The sound does not cease its mournful strains, before in other quarters the same cry is repeated, and as we survey the terrible scene, we learn that the cry had not ceased for 10,000 years—never a single minute that the heart-rending appeal of those who are being maltreated or murdered, can not be heard. One moment it sounds forth in strains of devilish revelry in New York City—then in Boston—then in St. Louis—then in New Orleans—then in India—then in Russia—then in Austria—first here—then there—never for a moment ceasing! "Murder, help, for God sake desist," in hundreds of different languages, comes to our ears, and seems to ascend heavenward as if mocking the Divine Architect of the Universe!

Standing on this lofty eminence, our senses seem to grasp the universe with their keen perceptions, not a sound is uttered that can not reach our ear; not a scene on all the earth that the eye can not see! Bewilderingly grand is the aspect! And as we listen, how appalling the sound—War, constant war, terrific struggles, and hand to hand conflicts greet our vision! While Europe is in peace, the tribal clans of Africa meet in deadly conflict, fight like tigers, foam at the mouth with rage, and the victors retire from the conflict to make a feast of human flesh. We see them roast human beings! Oh! how horrible the picture! Men, women and children, diet for rapturous cannibals! When exhausted with fighting and peace is restored, then the Indians of our Western plains engage in committing depredations. Dressed in their hideous costumes, painted in the most grotesque manner, and armed with guns and revolvers, they surprise the unsuspecting settlers, and kill in cold blood all that come within their reach. The firing of guns in bloody strife does not for a single moment cease. Before our eyes echoes its murderous mission, sounds forth its revengeful notes, another is fired, until the very air beneath us seems alive with infuriated beings.

For four long years civilized America was deluged in the blood of war; then France; Africa—in fact, not a single moment of peace, in all the scenes that our eyes witness.

Contemplate this ye philosophers of earth! We look in vain for some bright beautiful oasis where harmonious notes thrill the breeze, and in echoing strains enter the corridor of heaven.

Ah! yonder is a man actually dying of neglect! How his soul yearns for sympathy, love; for some one to soothe him in his dying moments and to administer to his many wants. His lamentations are heart-rending, and his sighs and moans piteous to hear. He dies unattended, and before his last breath is drawn, another human being equally as neglected, poor and careworn, and in the last stages of death is presented to us, and we find that one does not die a miserable death before another is presented, and thus an endless chain sweeps past us.

Oh! how dismal this dark side of life, how heart-rending the scenes that constantly greet us. The life of each one becomes to us an unsealed book. The thoughts are living realities, assume a tangible form, and float before us, and we can read the life-lines of each one. With all the noble aspirations of the human soul that some possess, there is a dark, dark and devilish, which to mortal eyes is concealed from view. Only to those whose soul can be illuminated by angelic touches are these scenes recognized.

Standing on this lofty eminence our soul can read the Book of Creation, and the lesson learned therefrom is grand indeed! Crime never ceases. Its music—shrill and devilish, ever sounds forth on the breeze. Thousands each moment are laying plans to rob. Men fight and kill each other. Nations engage in deadly conflict, and murder becomes legalized. Opposing armies meet in hand to hand conflict, and to the victors belong the spoils, and thus stealing receives the sanction of government. Men in high places, in posts of trust and honor, steal themselves rich in four years. The government of the United States is one grand charnel house of corruption. The stench that arises seems to overshadow the whole country, and the cry of dishonesty constantly reaches us as we survey governmental affairs. To us, then, who can gaze on life as it actually is, a sad scene is presented.

We look at the places of public worship—gilded palaces erected for devotional exercises. They dot the whole globe here and there, and present a strange appearance. There, we look in vain for harmony. Other scenes have vanished, and now another lesson is presented to us. Oh! there is no harmony there, beautiful enchanting harmony in angel robes, and with a voice musically sweet to cheer us, rendered sad by the dark scenes presented to us? Indeed, there is no harmony there! The teachings presented therein rises forth like so many hostile armies, and with fire and sword, with the gibbet and thumb-screw, they meet in hostile array! Here and there are human beings securely manacled, and around whom are burning fetters! Religious fanatics, devils incarnate, stand in nature and in deed, surround them. Oh! horrible! They apply the fire-brand, and the flames, like so many hissing serpents, embrace them, while the cry of the suffering is borne off on the bosom of the wind in piteous wails. These are, we are told, God's children doing his service by burning heretics. Even in the churches there is no harmony! Trinity Church, New York, rents sixty-one rooms to retail poisonous liquors, some of which have houses of prostitution connected therewith. The religious press of this city publishes disreputable advertisements, and do a vast amount of evil thereby. Rev. John Selby Watson, of England, murdered his own wife—oh, how ghastly the misdeeds of the church! God's own children committing crime! And as we survey the mighty army of ministers (31,000 strong in the United States alone) that inhabit the globe, not an hour passes that some one is not committing adultery, larceny, or some petty offence against morality and the laws of society. With our soul illuminated, we watch attentively for a lull in the flow of ministerial crimes, but they still, in all their hideous deformity, continue to greet us!

Ah, readers, we pause. We have presented a fearful picture of the dark side of life—it is truthful in all its parts. We come down from our lofty eminence. Our senses resume their normal action. The noise in the streets greets us, and once again we feel as others feel.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Questions and Answers.

DEAR SIR:—As I am a trial subscriber to the JOURNAL, and wish to obtain all the information I can on the subject of Spiritualism, you will please answer the following six questions in your interesting paper.

JOSEPH WARRHALL.

Atalass, Ind.

FIRST QUESTION.

Do all the different nationalities retain their respective language in the spirit-world?

That you may better understand the reason for the answers which we give to your questions, allow us to premise, by saying that the Spirit-world is as near to this material plane, as the perfume or aroma of a flower is to the flower itself; hence it will be perceived that when a person dies, or passes from the physical body, he does not necessarily pass away from the immediate presence of his friends remaining in this material sphere of existence.

It should be further borne in mind, that it is the spirit of man that thinks, speaks and acts, and not the physical body—that is subject to decay and death. The physical body is useful to the spirit while existing upon the material plane of life. It comes in contact with physical objects by means of a physical body, and by such means only can life upon this plane be prolonged. By the death of the physical body, the real person the spirit, is precipitated upon the second sphere of human existence—the spiritual plane of life.

In passing from the material to the spiritual plane of life, all that the person knew is retained. It makes no greater change with the individual, intellectually, than does the laying off the winter garments on retiring to bed at night.

Our answer to your question is by this time anticipated by the reader.

The person, by the change, does not forget his native language, nor does he thereby become familiar with any other language.

As was the case upon this plane of life, if he has a desire to study and learn other languages, he has time and facilities for so doing, and millions avail themselves of privileges far superior to those we have here.

SECOND QUESTION.

Is there any distinction in complexion? It appears that they have forms as their pictures are taken.

A scientific analysis of colors would not be inappropriate, in giving a proper answer to this question, and yet we must forego that pleasure at this time.

Our answer is, Yes, most emphatically. Yet it should be understood that colors are far more refined, even as the elements of the spiritual body are more refined and attenuated than those that composed the physical body, which it left at death, but as change is common to all things so race, national and conventional traits of character, by slow degrees, disappear as new associations are formed, and new spheres of existence are entered upon, and new and more sublimated elements enter into their spiritual bodies. Hence it follows that under the law of eternal progression, national traits of character and different colored races will assimilate and become less marked than in earth life.

THIRD QUESTION.

Do all the different denominations, retain their pre-conceived opinions when first entering the Spirit-world, such as Baptist, Methodist, Quaker or Presbyterian?

Yes, necessarily so, if the change called death produces no other change than that which we have intimated above.

Fortunately they soon become ashamed of their aims and sectarian bigotry, when they find the fabric destitute of a foundation, and that the fabled Devil and Hell torments are of mythological origin, only.

FOURTH QUESTION.

Do ministers continue preaching in the Spirit-world; if so, do they preach Universalism?

Undoubtedly there are old fogies in Spirit-life who preach all sorts of isms, Universalism not excepted. To them the principle of eternal progression is as essential as it is to the most dogmatic Calvinists.

FIFTH QUESTION.

What part of the human organism, do spirits retain in the future; or do they retain all?

Do you part with any portion of your organism, on undressing yourself, when you lay off your outer garments and retire to bed at night? If your answer is no, the same answer is applicable to your question.

SIXTH QUESTION.

Is the production of the human organism, the soul, or immortal part of man?

The germs of all human souls have ever existed,—through the eternal rounds of development they are continually advancing towards the material plane of human existence. From that plane they enter upon the spiritual which is eternal in its rounds of progression. The body of the soul is developed as naturally as the body of an oak tree, is developed from an acorn when it is deposited in a congenial soil. The spirit is the reality. The soul is the body of the spirit on the spiritual plane of life, and on this material plane of life the physical body contains both soul and spirit. The spirit never having had a beginning can never die, and yet it is subject to continual change in its external body, upon all planes of existence through which it has or ever will continue to pass.

Change is common to all things. "Things" have reference to the external forms, be it on the physical or spiritual plane of life. Hence when we speak of change being common to all things, we mean not the immortal spirit, but we do mean that its manifestations are ever subject to change, as the form or body through which it manifests itself, under and by virtue of the law of development, is continually becoming better adapted to the higher manifestation of the indwelling spirit—this we call progression.

"O! how I Wish you would Discontinue this Paper."

Dan. Hull, a sexual freedomite, not long since, called at the house of a Spiritualist in Indiana, and begged for entertainment. The man replied: "I would not turn a hungry dog away so long as I am blessed with plenty. Come in, Hull, and may you become a wiser and better man."

Hull stepped in and confessed that he did not expect to receive the hospitable entertainment that had been extended to him.

But soon after getting his empty stomach well filled, he espied the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL lying upon the table, and forgetting the hospitality that had been extended to him, he said, "Oh! how I do wish you would discontinue this paper."

"Ah! you do. Well, sir, you will have to do a good deal of wishing in that direction, and then, sir, I shall not discontinue it. I am pledged to support the JOURNAL during my natural life, provided it proves itself loyal to true Spiritualism, in the future as it has in the past. I consider that Spiritualism is indebted to the JOURNAL for its salvation from the reproach you free livers brought upon it; so trouble yourself no more in regard to our taking that paper. We would not be induced to do without its weekly visits, if we could have all other papers published free."

Dan, finding that he had gone a little too far, and was looked upon as having abused the hospitality extended to him, leaning upon his well filled stomach, started in pursuit of the next warm meal. This is a specimen of the success which the "sexual freedom" devotees are having in breaking down the JOURNAL.

and Taylor.

These well down physical and mental test mediums, still continue to give their wonderful materializing circles at our seance rooms, with unparalleled success.

The crowds of gentlemen and ladies, skeptics as well as Spiritualists, that nightly attend their circles, bespeak the general satisfaction given, and all who witness their extraordinary powers, fully attest to their genuineness.

A somewhat remarkable test was given the other evening to a young man, who having seen much of the phenomena, was yet loth to believe in its spiritual source. In the dark circle along with others, he had his sister minutely described to him by Mr. Taylor, she meanwhile cared him, calling him by name and saying she would show herself to him. In the cabinet seance, sure enough the first spirit that presented itself was the young lady, who, calling her brother up to the aperture, shook hands with him, took off a ring from his finger, saying it was her's (the truth), and placing it in his open palm, in plain sight of the whole company, which unmistakable proof of her identity was so overwhelming to the young man that he exclaimed, "That will do! I once did doubt, but now I am fully convinced and satisfied."

Such is a sample of the indisputable tests given almost every night at their seances. Their stay in Chicago now is limited, owing to their projected trip to Europe. Those wishing to witness these wonderful manifestations had better avail themselves of the chance, or live to regret it. Mr. Taylor also gives private sittings daily at room 12, RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE.

Take Notice.

The colored monitor attached to every paper mailed from this Publishing House, indicates the day of the month and year to which payment has been made. No one need to write to this office for a statement of his or her account, when it goes with the paper every week. If the day and month is in the past, the subscriber owes from such day, month and year, at the rate of \$3.50 a year, but under our present proposition, if arrearages and one year in advance is paid, the advance rate of \$3.00 a year will be accepted. This liberal offer is made as an inducement for advance payment.

If any one does not know how to compute the time from the figures and letters on the colored monitor attached to each paper, an explanation will be found at the head of the first editorial column on the fourth page of this paper. Please turn to it and reckon up your accounts, all you who are in arrears.

Mistakes Corrected with Pleasure.

It always gives us pleasure to correct all mistakes so soon as we know that they exist.

The unprecedented demand for the JOURNAL during the last five months, has occasioned the necessity of employing several extra clerks, and as a consequence, more or less mistakes have occurred.

We hope that every one who has sent us orders that have not been properly filled, will promptly inform us wherein we have failed in our duty, and the wrong shall at once be rectified.

Day, Colchester's Fund.

All money donated to the above-named fund is to aid Bro. Lester Day for his loss in paying Bro. Charles Colchester's fine for not procuring a license as a Medium. Bro. Colchester is now deceased, and Bro. Day is an old man, in destitute circumstances. Send him anywhere from a dime to such a number of dollars as your ability and judgment dictate, and angels will bless you for it. Direct to Lester Day, 865 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Amount previously reported, \$307.91
John Baker, Garnett,

Dead Beats.

Benj. Gregory, of Susquehanna Depot, Pa., has read the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL six months on credit, and we are sorry to say that it has not yet had sufficient reformatory effect to make him realize that "honesty is the best policy." To our bill he sends an insulting answer. Hold out cheap, and yet for all he is worth!

Baths.

Mrs. A. J. Johnson, at-Dore's Building, Room 31, N. W. Corner of Madison and State Streets, has fitted up in superb order, rooms for sulphur, medicated vapors, rich and sea-salt baths.

This is a fine establishment under the charge of an intelligent and refined lady, who will spare no pains to contribute to the comfort and health of her patients.

Austin Kent Fund.

All amounts received for this fund will be immediately sent to the above named person, who is not able to secure his own support.

E. S. Thompson, Fairplay, Col. 25
Angels will bless such noble deeds of charity.

It is better to send direct to him at Stockholm, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.

Mrs. S. A. ROGERS HYDE will be in Haverhill, Mass., for a few months where she will give tests, psychometric readings, etc. She is represented as a good clairvoyant for examining and prescribing for disease. She will answer calls to lecture Sundays, not too far from Haverhill. Address her in care of post office box 1237.

THE London (Eng.) Spiritualist contains the following: The following incident, which took place only a week or two ago, is authentic, and the details may be relied upon as accurate, although we cannot get permission to publish names: About a week ago Mrs. M. passed away. She awoke from a tranquil sleep and said, "I have been listening to most beautiful singing—the most beautiful I ever heard." Her daughter said, "Who was singing, mother?" "Maria L." She was a young girl who had paid a visit to her three years before, and who sang beautifully; she afterwards left the county, and married. A letter has since reached the family, stating M. L. passed away from earth a week before Mrs. M., and previous to dying expressed an anxious wish to see her father. On his arrival, as he entered the room, she exclaimed, "Oh, father, I only waited to see you ere I die." Her father gave her a rose from her own garden. As she took it in her hand she burst into song, and continued singing song after song until she expired.

THE Clyde, (O.) Review says: "Mrs. E. A. Blair, the distinguished 'Spirit Artist,' is now stopping at the residence of Mr. Dennis Drawn, and the floral symbolic pictures of Families and Garden scenery which she produces, exceed in beauty, taste, and artistic skill, anything that we have hitherto seen. And this, we believe, is the united testimony of all who have examined her paintings. Many of our citizens are obtaining family pictures in floral representations, not only for the sacredness that clusters around them, but for parlor ornaments. Mrs. Blair will remain only a short time in our place.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS pays for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for three months, for new trial subscribers. Please send in the subscriptions.

Every Spiritualist should subscribe for THE LITTLE BEQUEST. It is a perfect little gem, and will create a genial happy influence, wherever read. Terms \$1.50 per year; single numbers 15 cents. Address LITTLE BEQUEST, Chicago, Ill.

We have an order for Death and After Life, from Wegauega, Wisconsin, but no name given.

MOSES WOODHULLISM IN A NUT SHELL, with an Appendix—42 page pamphlet for ten cents, by mail. Everybody should read it. Address RELIGIO-PHIL. PUB. HOUSE, Chicago, Ill.

The following named persons write to this office, but give no Post-office address: Mary A. Carpenter, Amos Porter, Sarah E. Palmer, Q. B. Votaw, H. T. Butterworth, E. F. Barrows, Laura L. D. Jacobs, Mary L. Dorman, A. Fosdick, Jos. Dowell, H. H. Post.

HOUSEKEEPERS and all others in want of linen goods will be interested in the advertisement of Carter & Warren. We know from personal observation that buyers will save money by trading with this enterprising young house.

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BRO. BROWN, "The Clock Struck One," price \$1.50, will be the best book probably for your Orthodox neighbor to commence on. It is written by, and gives the experience of, one of the most illustrious divines of the Methodist Church.

T. H. STEWART, of Kendallville, Ind., will lecture on Spiritualism and Science on the first and second Sundays in each month, for six months, commencing May 3d, 1874, at Lowell and Otisco, Mich. He will supply adjacent societies during week day evenings.

PROF. T. B. TAYLOR lectures at East Saginaw, Mich., for four weeks from May 10th. Will respond to calls to lecture evenings. Address him as above.

A. J. FISBACK, one of the most gifted speakers in the field, is engaged to lecture at Clyde, O., for three months.

W. P. ANDERSON, Spirit Artist, can, or could at last advice, be addressed at San Jose, Cal.

PRONOUNCING HANDBOOK of Words often Mispronounced, is a little work that no one can afford to be without. For sale at this office. Price 60 cents.

CATALOGUES of the photographs of Anderson's Pencil Paintings, will be sent to any address from the office of this paper, on receipt of a two cent stamp.

SICK OR WELL, everybody should send their names and address to Dr. W. A. Flansburg, Kalamazoo, Mich., for the evidences of Clairvoyance and Spirit control, surpassed by none and brought direct to your homes. The Doctor will be at Kuhn's European Hotel, 149 Dearborn St., Chicago, the first five days of every month, and the balance of the month at Kalamazoo, Jackson and Detroit, Mich., Toledo, O., Coldwater, Mich., South Bend and La Porte, Ind., giving the evidences and facts, and connecting this wonderful phase of mediumship with the interests of all. "Food for the sick and crumbs of comfort for the rich and poor alike," free, on receipt of your name and address. Send him your name now.

We can supply a few copies of an interesting book entitled Ancient Symbol Worship; Influence of the Phallic Ideas in the religions of antiquity. Price \$2.30 by mail.

When making contributions to Bro. Day, or Austin Kent, it would be better for you to send direct to them.

MOSES WOODHULLISM IN A NUT SHELL, with an Appendix—42 page pamphlet for ten cents, by mail. Everybody should read it. Address RELIGIO-PHIL. PUB. HOUSE, Chicago, Ill.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS pays for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for three months, for new trial subscribers.

Lecture by Elder F. W. Evans.

The Revelator said, "I saw a new Heaven, and a new earth, for the first Heaven and the first earth had passed away."

These are abstract ideas, a great way from where we are now to-day; but there the hope and faith in man that will finally realize these very promises, so that they will be brought down into the lives of the people. How is it to be effected? Just see what a colossal addition to the population of Europe, England, France, Russia, Spain, Germany, America, and see the state of the Christian world. Every Christian government is based on force and fraud. War is an established institution therein, while the first element of Christianity is to begeth the sword. How do you do it to them that hate you? Be merciful and despitely use you. How far are we from doing this, when we support such immense armies and navies, and devote so much labor to the destructive art of war? It is impracticable for us, therefore, to be ourselves the cause of war. What is actually doing a tremendous work in the world. It is opening the eyes of thousands and millions of people, to see the condition of things around them. In that there is encouragement. But in order to comprehend the present phenomena of Christianity, we need to go back to the Mosaic dispensation. There we find the Israelites living in Egypt, and from thence they are brought out into the Wilderness. An overruling spirit of the God of the Jews—commanded to discipline and school them, to change their habits, so that they were to have the same character as the Christians of to-day are in mind.

Now, is not that just exactly what we are doing? We are taking the things which we may each come to a knowledge of God—of abstract truth—and then willingly, freely, voluntarily, reduce it to practice? That is what we are coming to, what all reformers are aiming at. But that is not religion. Religion is religion mean to accomplish. We make a distinction between theology and religion. We think all sects and all people possess religion in a greater or lesser degree, but we do not think all have theology. Religion is the being and doing good—the antithesis of total depravity. There is no human being in the world, or in the other, who may not obtain the knowledge of God, and who may not be good.

We must always bear in mind the distinction between the actual state and that which is to be attained. Thus the Jews were given laws, which they could bear; and they could not bear the actual state of sin and death, in accordance with abstract first principles, such as, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself." When the Israelites passed the Jordan, law regulating the possession of the land was promulgated, under which they could bear and sell it, laws that were not good abstractly, but which were good in the actual state.

"We see the Derwishes, Brahmins and all the sects of Eastern nations who live celibate lives, and have their property in common. They believe in the revelation of God to the souls. Have we no relation to them, and cannot we meet them as brothers and sisters? We have no objection to their using the principle, or spirit, as Delty; and, whenever the Christ principle has been taught among any people on this earth, it has produced the same result. It has caused the people to love God with all their hearts, and so to love one another; that they have their property in common, and live in loving communion with one another, and in peace with all mankind.

"These will keep the commandment, 'Thou shalt not kill.' Christians do not kill; Christians do not fight. In the early days of primitive Christianity, he was a standing test of the man, the woman, or the child, for centuries, when they would draft the Christians into their armies, they were told that Christians loved one another, that they loved mankind, and that they would not fight. 'We will not kill,' said the Christians, 'we will kill us if you please, but we will not kill you.'

"There is an account of the forty martyrs when on a certain occasion, a general found some forty of his soldiers declaring themselves Christians, he called them up before him, and asked them if they would fight a battle that had ever been victorious. The general did not want to lose the men, and tried to convert them; but they told him they were Christians. He said he would bring the men to pensiles; but they stood firm to the

the gospel, shall receive an hundred fold.
 10. The preaching of the Gospel to the Gentiles by the
 Apostles, and the members of the Pentecostal Church, if all mankind had been
 come Jewish Christians, the world would have
 been run out before this. Paul said to the
 Gentile Christians, "I would that all were as
 I am." If they had been, of course the women
 could not have paid tithes, and the church
 have come long long ago. I think "and" was
 a little word about it. Jesus said, "All men
 can not receive this doctrine, and there be
 few that be saved," that become Christians or
 this earth, but those few would be blessed
 for ever. Any man or woman who is not
 enuchs mechanically (these could not marry)
 and some men make themselves enuchs for
 the kingdom of heaven's sake. Blessed are
 the pure in heart, for they shall see God. He
 looketh upon a woman to lust after her
 and she shall be called an adulteress. He is
 not a Jew who is one outwardly only,
 neither is that Christian celibacy which merely
 y-keeps sexes physically apart. But he is a
 Jew that is one inwardly, and that is crucified

transgressor in this respect.

These Jews who had been thus educated and prepared to bring the Gentiles into the Church, the Galilean Church with commonalty of property—passed into the Spirit-world. Then Christianity on earth turned into the Gentiles existing in the Roman Empire. These Gentiles had not been prepared by Moses, hence they have had the discipline of twelve hundred and sixty years before they could bring forth the Shaker Pentecostal Church. And even now is that perfected? I think it may be. I think it is perfect, meaning that the Shaker Church is a perfect church. It is known unto you, that we were all of us Gentiles, like yourselves, when we were cast into this gospel. Do you think we confessed all our sins? We did no such thing. We confessed those things that we perceived to be sins, by that degree of light which we possessed. So, and which was all we could bear at that time. So the light of God could brighten

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.)

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11-11-1964

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The Materialization of Spirit-forms

The Materialization of Spirit-forms

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McCord, of St. Louis, Mo., writes, "We are going to have a Spiritual Jubilee here. Brother Prentice is to be the speaker; a good time is expected. Mrs. S. A. Rogers Heyder, of Haverhill, Mass.,

made the City's popular. Loyal Griffin, of Mound City, Mo., deplors the loss of his wife, with whom he had peacefully and joyfully lived for 25 years. She is still with you, brother, in spirit; she goes on in the heavenly city. Thomas A. Rice, of the Georgia City, deplors the death of his wife, Mrs. J. C. Rice, who died at the age of 70 years. He writes her answer to questions and importunations, he thought were grand. He has lived in California for 60 years, but never before heard a Spiritual lecture. J. R. Rice, of Albion, Neb., formerly a

skeptical, has become a medium. The spirit spoke through him at the first circle. A sidewalk of the dead, he said, has been laid out in the island and test medium visit that place. A. J. C. Colburn, of Cimarron, New Mexico, desires to know how to become a medium. He has been successful, by having their names and addresses? Sometimes, if the names and address is in their own handwriting. A lock of hair is preferable. E. W. Smith, of Chicago, has been successful in his first stand against Woodhullism. Says, his town would be a good place for physical manifestations. J. H. Smith, of Chicago, has been successful in his first stand against Woodhullism. Says, his town would be a good place for physical manifestations. J. H. Smith, of Chicago, has been successful in his first stand against Woodhullism. Says, his town would be a good place for physical manifestations.

our thanks. He is much pleased with a spiral picture 30x24 inches, painted through the mediumship of Mr. Ufford. J. C. Potter, of Elyria, O., says he shall continue the good work until he can number the *Journal's* by dozens that go to his office.

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